Submission Agenda:
ORIGINS
By Pegasus

BOOK IV:
AGGRESSIVE EXPANSION

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As Miles' newfound mutant powers let him indulge every fantasy he's ever entertained, the young mutant's ambitions take him beyond the confines of his school, out into the larger world.

With a massive fortune at his disposal and a harem of subjugated, devoted fuck-slaves, Miles realizes there is no woman he wants that he cannot have. His options are limitless, his future wide-open.

The agenda is just beginning… and the scope of it will grow until it consumes everyone and everything he has ever desired.

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Chapter 22:
The AVN Awards Expo

My harem and I arrived at LAX feeling somewhat fatigued. I'd enjoyed their company greatly on the cross-country flight, perhaps a little too greatly, and after we piled into the back of a stretch Hummer for the trip across town to *Casa Bella,* I pulled my sunglasses down and napped.

Day passed into night and we caught up on lost sleep. I gave the girls their own quarters — Mallory and her daughters in a three-bedroom condo, the three cheerleaders in another. Miss Shen and Lori shared a suite, as did Madison and Alana. Stef stayed in the penthouse suite with me.

I awoke the next morning to the delicious feeling of Stef's suctioning mouth on my cock, blowing me exquisitely, swallowing the loads I'd busted in my sleep. Soon I was rock-hard, painfully erect, and wide awake.

"Mmm," she sighed, my dick popping from between her lips, still oozing its mess. "You taste good this morning."

She sat up, wearing only brief cotton panties, and grinned at me.

"I've got something to show you," she said, and crawled over to the bedside table to retrieve my laptop. I blinked in the early morning sunlight, not yet used to the stark difference between Chicago and LA winter.

Stef opened the computer and flipped it toward me, showing an open browser window advertising the upcoming AVN Awards — “the Oscars of Porn.” I noted that they were being held in Las Vegas over the next weekend.

“Huh,” I said, scrolling down. “You think we can get into this?”

“Probably not… it’s mostly just for industry people,” Stef said dejectedly. “But there’s a convention all weekend before the show, and I took the liberty of securing us a couple VIP passes to that.”

“You know…” I began.

“Duh,” Stef said, rolling her eyes. “I’ve seen your wish-list, bro. She’ll be there.”

“Then…”

“Road trip,” she grinned.

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Stef and I chartered a private car, just the two of us, for the ride out to Vegas. We made out passionately, sloppily, as I expressed my gratitude for her gift. We were all over each other for most of the ride — groping, grasping, moaning — and when we finally cleared out of the back seat, we left the car hot, steamy and rank with the smell of sex, my musk hanging in the air.

We booked the presidential suite at the Hard Rock Hotel and Casino, where the AVN Adult Entertainment Expo was being held. My eyes nearly popped out of my skull as we walked through the lobby as I took in the crowds of gorgeous, scantily clad women milling about, heading out to the con floor or coming back in. Some of them I recognized from videos, many were strangers to me but easily rivaled the most beautiful women I’d ever seen.

A half-hour later we were on the convention floor, taking in the sights. The interior space was indescribably huge, stretching off in every direction, and packed with attendees roving around gawking, people shooting video on their phones, snapping pics, chatting excitedly, lining up for meet-and-greets. There was a huge booth off to my left for the company Brazzers, another beyond that for Naughty America.

It was a surreal experience, being on the convention floor, and not an altogether pleasant one. First of all, I was keenly aware that Stef and I were too young to be there. We had obtained VIP passes and tried to act like we belonged, but we definitely drew some looks.

Stef most of all drew the attention of plenty of male attendees and even some industry professionals as we passed by the booths. Men would come up asking if she was

interested in doing some modeling or acting gigs, and we would have to politely but firmly decline and move on. I also noticed some women idly following me around too, just as they had in the halls of my high school, drawn inexorably by the attractive powers of my musk.

We made our way to the meet-and-greet booths, where various porn performers young and old met with fans, signed autographs, took pictures. One of the longest lines, unsurprisingly, was for the female performer Angela White — exactly the woman I had come to see.

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Angela White was an Australian porn star, one of the most famous in the world, and for good reason. She had a beautiful, elfin face with big, blue eyes and a sensual mouth, and she possessed a curvaceous, statuesque figure, with thick, matronly hips and a big, fat ass. Perhaps her most famous features were her massive, natural GG-cup breasts.

My earliest experiences with online porn had involved stumbling on Angela White videos and going deep down the rabbit hole, losing hours to titfuck compilations, gangbang scenes, Blacked videos. I remember pausing to look a the screen, studying her beautiful face, thinking a woman had somehow walked out of my own fantasies into reality.

I nearly gasped as I saw her in person for the first time, made up with dark eyeshadow and glistening, glossy pink lips. Her straight, dark brown hair fell down about the sides of her glowing, gorgeous face like curtains, and when she smiled her front teeth were prominent in a way I found irresistible. She wore a black leather jacket and a low-cut black top, with black jeans riding high on her waist. Her breasts were full, proud, and huge, easily on par with some of the MILF sluts I'd enjoyed recently, each looking bigger than a basketball within her blouse, her deep cleavage firmly on display. Looking at her from 10 yards away, I felt my cock stiffening in my pants almost instantly.

"Thank you *saur* much for coming," she said in her charming Australian accent, smiling winningly as a pot-bellied, neck-bearded fan clutched a signed photo and scurried away from her table. She beckoned the next one to step up.

"I won't have much time with her," I said to Stef. "And I won't be very close."

"You can ask to take a photo," she replied.

"Still. It's seconds, at most."

"Then make it count," she said.

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Our VIP passes put us in a shorter line, so I wasn't waiting all day to meet Angela. As I stood in line, I let myself stew in my own desire, staring at her from afar, studying her

face, her tits, the plunging neckline of her blouse. My cock swelled and stiffened in my pants, becoming more and more uncomfortable, but I fed on the feelings, letting the lust seep from my pores, my pheromones reaching out… I was focused entirely on Angela, ignoring even my sister as she stood beside me. Still, I noticed Stef beginning to breathe heavily, sniffing the air repeatedly, as my musk thickened, the noxious smell seeping into the air around us. Her own nipples stiffened and poked against the thin material of her tight T-shirit, and she shivered, savoring my scent.

After 15 or so minutes, I saw Angela look up distractedly from the autograph she was signing. Her nose crinkled as she sniffed the air, looking around as if trying to find a face in the crowd. For the first time, our eyes met, and I felt an electric thrill rush through me before her gaze scanned elsewhere in the crowd. She sniffed again, then went back to signing autographs.

We stepped closer to the table. Behind us in the VIP line, a couple started making out, grunting and moaning against each other, until they had to be escorted out — the side effects of my powers being leveraged in a public space. I guessed that any female within 100 feet would suddenly start to feel "in the mood" without knowing why. But I only needed one.

And then, all at once, we were next in line, and Angela was beckoning Stef and me to step up. Stef patted me on the back and I lurched forward, awkward and unsure. Angela looked me up and down as I approached, arching an eyebrow slyly and smiling.

"Well, you're a young one," she smiled. "How do you do?"

"Hi, I'm… Miles," I said dumbly, trying not to stare directly into her tits. I passed over a headshot we'd obtained earlier.

"Vee Eye Pee," she said, wagging her Sharpie at my VIP lanyard tag. "Are you both enjoying the convention?"

"Yes, very much," I said. "But I'd… enjoy it more if you would come up to my room later. I'm in the… presidential suite here at the hotel."

Angela smiled politely, eyes cold.

"Oh, that sounds lovely, but I have plans tonight," she said. "Thank you though. Enjoy the con! Next!"

"Wait," Stef said hurriedly. "Can we get a photo real quick?"

Angela looked up at me distastefully then rolled her eyes.

"One photo, sure, absolutely," she said, standing up, breasts jiggling and bouncing in her blouse.

I stepped around the table and sidled up next to Angela while Stef held up her phone. As I drew closer, Angela sniffed and breathed in heavily, and I glanced up at her, smiling innocently.

“You should come up to the room later. When you’re done here,” I said again.

“Okay, that’s enough,” she said, motioning for me to leave.

“No, shhhh,” I said, shushing her. “Calm down. It’s okay.”

She looked at me strangely, as if she was confused how I’d gotten there in the first place. It was working. The pheromones were having an effect. I pushed the advantage.

“The presidential suite. It’s really nice,” I said, staring deeply into her eyes. My cock was firm, throbbing in my pants, my heart beating faster, the spell on Angela taking hold.

“Really… noice,” she repeated, her eyes heavy-lidded, sleepy-looking. I thrilled as I watched my powers have an effect on a celebrity, a woman I’d only ever seen on my computer screen. Now she stood before me, flesh and blood, just as vulnerable as any other woman. No different.

“Breathe,” I said softly. She obeyed, inhaling deeply, then exhaling slowly, shuddering.

“The presidential suite. You should come by. Come alone. Just to say hello,” I said.

“Come… alone,” she repeated.

“Hey, are you gonna take the picture or what?” shouted a fan from back in the line, jolting Angela out of her reverie. Stef quickly snapped a pic and stashed her phone in her handbag.

“Okay, thank you *saur* much for coming,” Angela said, watching me go as I stepped around the table and departed.

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It was a five-minute walk to get off the con floor, another five minutes through a series of crowded hallways to reach the hotel lobby. A 45-second elevator ride to reach the two-floor presidential suit. Through a vast wall of floor-to-ceiling windows, we looked down on the Vegas strip as the blazing red sun sank behind the mountains and the night was lit by neon.

I counted another 10 minutes after that before the inevitable chime of the doorbell. *Ding dong.* Stef and I glanced at each other apprehensively.

“I told you it would work,” she said, smirking.

I crept to the door and looked through the peephole.

It was her.

I swung the door wide and Angela White stood alone in the private elevator lobby right outside our room. She had clearly come straight from the con floor and still looked fantastic. She shifted nervously back and forth on her feet as I looked her up and down.

My eyes raked up and down her body, appreciating her beauty, her voluptuous form. She was even more gorgeous in person than she looked on-screen. A bit shorter than I expected, perhaps, but she gained height from a pair of scrappy stiletto heels.

“Christ, you’re just a kid,” she muttered, looking me up and down as well. To the casual observer, I was unremarkable — in jeans and a T-shirt, an ordinary teenager, average frame, bland features.

But at this range, the effects of my pheromones would be taking hold again, even faster than before. Already I was amazed that I had succeeded in implanting a command in her mind, drawing her up to my room without sustained contact. I’d never managed that kind of sustained suggestibility before.

“Come in,” I said, standing aside, gesturing for her to enter the spacious suite.

“I don’t…” She hesitated. “I… shouldn’t…”

“Then why are you here?” I asked, holding eye contact. The sense of challenging my longtime crush, a woman so far out of my league I had never even considered *meeting* her, was thrilling. I felt our wills clashing, a little power struggle that amused me greatly. Angela had seemed larger-than-life at first, but she suddenly felt very small. Her eyes sank to the floor, avoiding my gaze, and she stepped forward into the suite with her head hung low.

We strolled into the main living space and I plopped down on one of the broad, expansive sofas. Stef had curled up in a loveseat against the far window, watching intently, grinning, and Angela shot her a nervous glance as she walked in, standing awkwardly between me and the massive 86” wall-mounted TV.

“I don’t know what you… think I’m going to do here,” she began, trying to regain some of her lost confidence. “But I’m not trying to get arrested for fucking a high school kid.”

I scrolled through my phone, pulling up a compilation of Angela’s best scenes and AirPlaying it onto the TV behind her. She jolted as the room was suddenly full of the sounds of her own moaning and grunting, the meaty slap of hips against her fat ass.

“You’ll do whatever I say,” I said casually, relaxing into the plush cushions of the couch. My cock throbbed within the constricting tightness of my pants.

“H-hold on, wait,” Angela said, suddenly looking panicked as the suite echoed with the sounds of one of her many hardcore performances.

“Relax,” I said, smiling. “I’m not your enemy. Just breathe. Inhale deeply.”

I could feel the surges of blood into my cock as my erection took shape, firming in my pants, heart beating faster and faster. Angela’s eyelids drooped as she obeyed, inhaling deeply, taking my own scent deeply inside of her, her body’s betrayal beginning.

“You’re a beautiful woman, Angela,” I said, stroking the visible bulge of cockmeat running down my pants leg. “How many men do you think have jacked off watching your movies? I know they were certainly… formative for me.”

Her eyes were heavy-lidded, her breathing getting heavier and heavier as arousal took over her, my soft words setting light to the desires of her body, amplified and concentrated as the essence of my mutant-powered desire speared deeply into her mind.

“Lose the jacket,” I ordered, and she nodded, shimmying the leather jacket down over her naked shoulders and dropping it unceremoniously behind her.

I smiled as I hungrily took in the view of her beach-ball-sized breasts pressing against the brief silk camisole she wore under the jacket, the neckline plunging low on her chest, the firm, teardrop shape of her round breasts clearly visible through the fabric. There was no way for her to know yet what was about to happen, no way to realize she was about to throw everything away — her morals, her career, her entire old life — for a kid 20 years younger than she was. To submit to something she couldn’t begin to understand.

“I don’t know what you think,” she said sleepily. “But this is just… a one-time thing. I’m not… gonna fuck you.”

“Okay,” I smirked, shamelessly running my hand over my crotch, groping the rising bulge there as she swallowed with apprehension. I watched her, appreciating her heavy tits, the slim waist and flaring hips inside her skintight black jeans.

Before her eyes, I started to unbutton my pants and unzip the fly. Soon, I was reaching inside, fishing around in my cotton boxer briefs before pulling something out, a fleshy mass so large it seemed at first to be a third arm... something freakish and impossible. My enormous, heavy cock, already half-erect and growing harder before Angela’s eyes. I let it hang between my legs, and it bobbed up and down rhythmically as it pulsed to life, growing larger all the time. Well over a foot long already, smooth but riddled with cordlike veins... with two softball-sized testicles nestled just below it.

Angela’s mouth hung open, her words having died away. All she could utter was a tiny, disbelieving gasp. Her blue eyes were wide, drinking in every detail of my form. This was a woman used to dealing with oversized cocks as part of her profession. She knew

how to handle them. But I saw a glint of fear in her eyes as she beheld my thick, fat slab of meat. On a grown man, a cock that size would be improbably massive. On a kid of my size and stature, it was an absurd sight... but also terrifying, menacing, aimed at her like a loaded weapon, with clear intent.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” she whispered.

I smiled at her, but she couldn’t look me in the face. Her eyes were glued to my massive cock. The fat throbbing length, the thick, powerful veins... the dollop of pre-cum that was already leaking out. My piss slit winked and a drop of the pearly substance drooled out, catching on the lip of his fleshy, thick foreskin.

I could smell the rank odor of my cock, and I knew she could too… My concentrated musk, washing over her in a wave as if she had opened an oven door and peered inside.

“Strip for me,” I said.

She swayed on her heels like she was drunk, her eyes heavy-lidded and drowsy. She reached down and pinched the bottom of her black silk camisole and then started to lift it, bringing it up over her heaving tits, and I felt an unholy dark thrill rush through me as I saw her porcelain white underboobs, fat and heavy, revealed to my eyes. Then, the blouse coming up, exposing the pale areolae and candy-pink nipples that capped each massive, mountainous titty. They jiggled slightly as she pulled the camisole up over her head and then tossed it aside, standing topless before me, blushing.

I grunted and my cock belched up a clumpy, gummy-thick rope of pre-cum all over my hand, adding a sickly wet squelching sound to every pump as I slowly jerked myself off, watching her.

“Now… the pants,” I said.

“This is sick… how old are you?” she asked, lips trembling. Nevertheless, she unbuttoned the front of the high-waisted black jeans.

“Turn around,” I replied. “Let me see your ass.”

Obediently, she turned away from me, looking up at the TV where a video showed her being powerfully hammer-fucked from behind, her tits sloshing and bouncing wildly with every devastating thrust.

She peeled the jeans down over her waist and I enjoyed the way the white flesh oozed out of her pants, a fat, round ass blossoming into the open air, twin cheeks bouncing and wobbling, split by a lacy red thong that disappeared deep into the cleft of her crack. She bent at the waist, forcing the skintight pant legs down inch by inch, her heart-shaped ass thrust out behind her. She stepped out of her heels and kicked the jeans off, standing still as I admired her body.

“Spin,” I commanded, and she slowly turned on her tip-toes like a ballerina, giving me a full 360-degree view of her body in its nearly-naked glory before facing me.

“It feels good to just… *obey*, doesn’t it, Angela?” I crowed, stroking my footlong cock before her shocked gaze. Her eyes were locked on my dick as I slowly jacked it, and I saw the hunger, the longing there. Angela was not some innocent schoolgirl or hapless MILF. She was a sexual creature, a woman fully in control of her body and identity. But in a matter of minutes, I had stripped that control from her just as she had stripped the clothes from her voluptuous body.

“I don’t knaur what it is about you…” she said quietly. “But I’m *saur* fucking hot..”

“Come here, Angela,” I said. She stepped forward and I held up a hand to stop her. “No, not like that. On your knees.”

She staggered as if she’d been slapped, then collapsed to her knees before me, bringing her to eye level with my cock. I gestured for her to come closer and she crawled meekly, like a worshipper on a pilgrimage, closing the gap between us at last.

“Touch it,” I said, brusquely, eyes fiery with desire.

As if drawn by magnets, Angela’s hands came up to lock around the base of that drooling monster cock staring her down.

I sighed in contentment, my head lolling back against the back of the couch as my longtime porn obsession closed her hands around my cock. My rigid shaft twitched and flexed, my balls hitching up around the base, and I pulsed several looping, arcing ropes like celebratory party streamers, draping Angela’s hands and arms in gooey, clumpy cum worms, cumming three or four times more in this anticipatory burst than most men manage in a full ejaculation. And it was just the pre-seed, my nuts clearing themselves of the backed-up, built-up loads in preparation for the fresher, thicker, creamier discharge to come.

“Oh my fucking God,” Angela sighed, my cum-ropes dangling off of her hands and forearms. “Saur much cum… What *are* you…?”

She found she couldn’t fully encircle my mighty shaft with her fingers; it was thicker around than a Coke can. With both hands spread around it girth, her fingertips still just barely met at the top of the hot slab of still-hardening meat. The veins pulsed hard against her fingers, as if an electrical current was surging through my member, the whole thing thrumming with obscene power.

“Ffffuck,” she said. My hips bucked at her touch, a reflexive response. She slowly slid her grip up from the root to the fat, engorged knob, then drove back down until both her hands were around the base of my shaft again. I trembled and I could hear the faint, familiar gurgling coming from my swollen nuts... a fresh batch of super-powered sperm inside, churning and fermenting, ready to blow.

The feeling as Angela White began to jerk me was surreal, amplified as Stefanie drifted behind me, filming video on her phone just like she'd done that night in the Keystone Academy restroom, when I'd taken Madison for the first time. How far I'd come since then… And yet I still only felt like I was at the beginning, on the precipice of something truly great…

The sense of triumph and consummation I felt from Angela's first strokes made my cock throb and I grunted. With an audible *spluuuuort,* I blew an involuntary jet of pre-cum that arced through the air and landed in her chestnut hair. She flinched at the power of my expulsion, my cock tensing in her hands, threatening to blast her again right then and there, but she kept stroking me, slowly, patiently, with practiced skill. She worked her hands up the shaft again and an even bigger dollop of pre-cum pushed out the tip to slide down all over her fingers, as she let out a shuddering breath and a small moan.

Another thick drop of my fluids bubbled forth, lubing her hands and allowing her to stroke more easily. A she grew more relaxed, she began to speed up and soon my entire length and both her palms were coated in my musky natural lubricant.

Angela brought one cum-slick hand to her face and shoved it against her nose, breathing deeply to take in the concentrated scent that wafted off my prick. She sniffed hungrily, repeatedly, eyes rolling back at the thick, heady musk.

"Hnnng," she moaned. She swapped hands and sniffed the other while still stroking me firmly. She licked her palm shamelessly, tongue slipping between the fingers to dig out traces of the acrid, sweaty, all-consuming odor of my pre-cum.

"Unnghhhh," I moaned, and I felt my cock swell before firing off three more successive jets of pre-cum — *spluuurtt, splooooorgg, splooooshh* — the first arcing over her head, the second lancing into her hair, the third plastering her forehead and dripping down onto her cheeks. She moaned at the feeling of being doused, and I felt triumphant watching my own fluids drooling down her face just as I had seen in so many videos before.

She smiled up at me, grasping my cock and milking it up and down, her slick, lubed-up fingers sliding over my slippery cock shaft. The sounds of hard fucking coming from the TV resonated through the room, and I looked up to watch her getting railed, even as I felt her fingers slipping and sliding up and down my diamond-hard cockshaft.

I tensed again and she withdrew, licking her lips as she watched my cock shudder and jerk under its own power before spurting again, drawing a sick white zig-zag line across the bare skin of her naked tits. My pre-ejaculations were becoming more powerful, and my pre-cum was getting milkier, tinged with more of my sperm, my true climax still approaching like a distant but powerful locomotive, inevitable and inexorable.

She cooed as I spurted another enormous jet of pre-cum all over her neck and down into her cleavage, then went back to milking my turgid, angry-looking prick. My heavy balls drew up against the base of my cock and swelled visibly before her eyes, burbling audibly, clearly aching for release. My cockhead grew darker in hue, expanding and

spreading the thick, pulpy foreskin encircling it. I grunted and humped into her hands reflexively as she pulled that foreskin back, exposing the huge, engorged, bulbous tip.

This time she didn't just let it shoot — she stopped milking but grasped my shaft and aimed it down until it was pointed directly at her mouth. Then she opened wide, extending her tongue and looking into my eyes. I hissed with lust, fists clenched at my side, nodding, then my hips lifted and I pissed a long, undulating ribbon of pre-cum directly into the porn star's waiting mouth. Then another, and another, and another.

Angela's eyes rolled back in her head and she shuddered with pleasure as successive blasts of pre-cum splattered over her tongue, into her throat. Now I was flooding her mouth directly with my prodigious, gushing pre-cum loads.

My balls were twitching and gurgling loudly as I watched Angela White moan happily, kneeling before me on the floor with her mouth full of cloudy pre-spunk. She rolled her tongue around the pool of viscous, creamy ball juice and her eyes were half-lidded as she obviously savored the taste of it all. She gargled the thick, potent pre-load, unwilling to swallow... demonstrating her adoration for me in the most debased and whorish way possible.

Suddenly her eyes grew wide as she felt my cock stir again and expand, stretching her fingers wide around it, looking thicker than a pool noodle. My balls gurgled, an ominous and alien sound, and then I felt something moving up the shaft from within, vibrating against Angela's clutching fingers. Her thumbs were on the underside of my cock as I felt my cum tube inflate, something thick and clumpy moving up the shaft like a blockage through a sewer pipe.

Angela watched the cum slit open wide, and I moaned loudly as a jelly-thick, almost solid worm of luminous white sperm extruded out in a leisurely, constant flow. She dipped her head underneath my cockhead, lips wide, careful not to spill a drop of the festering reservoir of pre-cum still sloshing in her mouth. My cock pumped slowly as the worm extended further and further, dangling down until it touched her waiting tongue and started coiling up on it, like an island in the pool of liquid pre-spunk already filling her gaping mouth.

She moaned loudly, incapable of forming or articulating coherent thoughts as she was filled with sensations she'd never known before. Tasting and feeling my pre-cum squirt directly onto her tongue would be like the first taste of some powerful new drug, and she would never be able to live without it again.

I looked down at the beautiful slut star as she adopted a familiar pose, her mouth wide open, her tongue mostly submerged in a pool of pre-cum and sperm, with a thick, coagulated cum worm floating on top of it, draped over her tongue. She was looking at me with an expression of awe and reverence as she wriggled her tongue around then closed her mouth at last.

I smiled, riding a high of power and triumph, as I saw her chewing on the thick, gelatinous sperm rope, the first issue, the backed-up ball juice rich with my spunk. Her

eyelids fluttered as she bit into it, mind awash in the flavors that had been brewing inside my nutsack for god knows how long. She chewed loudly, humming and grunting, like a hog at the trough, a slovenly, disgraceful whore. It took three arduous gulps to get down that heady mix of pre-cum and gu mmy-thick cum jelly, her graceful neck straining to swallow it all.

“Unnnnnhh fuckkk,” she said at last, when her mouth was finally empty. “Your cum tastes *saur* fucking good…”

She whimpered at how perverted this all was, looking confused and frightened at her own behavior. I pitied her, knowing she couldn’t yet comprehend the turn her life was about to take. I reached out and stroked the side of her beautiful face, my cock still hovering above her, quaking like an active volcano, ready to burst.

“You did good, Ang,” I assured her. “But I’m not done. My balls... they’re still full. When I really cum... it’s a lot more than all that.”

“Ooouuhhh, my god...” she murmured, eyes rolling back at the thought of more, more, more. “You really are... a special boy...”

She reached out and took hold of my prick again, hefting it with both her hands until it aimed at her face, slowly milking while she held eye contact with me. I felt my cock throb and it spurted another big rope of pre-cum, and Angela opened her mouth wide instinctually, catching it in the back of her throat and tilting her head back to swallow in one gulp. I felt her falling in sync with me now, our lusts and desires aligning to become one.

“Ummmuuuuu,” she moaned dumbly as the smell of my pre-spunk flooded her sinuses and dopamine flooded her brain.

She was jerking more confidently now... faster... faster...

“Go on,” I huffed. “Stroke it… Jack me off just like I used to jack off watching you…”

“This is sick,” she pouted, her tits jiggling wildly as she tugged on my pole. “I shouldn’t be doing this… I’m saur fucked up…”

“It doesn’t matter,” I said, grinning manically. “You’re too far gone now…”

“I can’t wait for you to gush a load of pure fucking boy cum for me... I wanna watch you fucking shoot... I wanna see how much you can blast from those big fucking balls of yours...”

She was saying filthy things, sick things, while she tugged and milked my big, fat, slippery, lubed-up monster cock. I bucked my hips and humped into her hands as she begged me for my cum load. It was all too much, and I felt myself approaching the point of no return.

“You’re gonna get it, bitch,” I hissed. “I’m gonna give you what you fucking deserve, you

slut...”

“Yessss,” she said mindlessly, her eyes blank, immersed in the action of stroking and jerking my unholy cock.

She tugged me off harder now, aiming my fat fucking knob directly at her pretty face.

“Go on, baby... unload those big bloated balls! Fucking dump your load all over me! Show me how much you can shoot! I want it all! Cum for me! Do it!”

“You’re gonna be my fucking slave,” I hissed, humping against her hands. “Once I shoot, there’s no going back… You’ll belong… to me…forever…”

“I want it, baby, I want it,” she whined, hands a blur on my cum-slathered prick. “I don’t care, I just want your cum *saur* bad…”

I moaned and craned my head back. My enormous horsecock swelled in her hands again, and my heavy nuts drew up close to my body, gurgling louder than ever. This was it.

My already swollen cockhead engorged further, blushing an angry red-violet, then the cum slit opened and it began.

First, a thick, coagulated cum worm began to extrude, but it was quickly pushed aside by the built-up load rushing up from the root of my prick right behind it, and the whole mess exploded with the force of a garden sprinkler and blasted over Angela’s waiting face in a heavy splatter-pattern that rocked her head back as if she’d been punched.

Another cum worm was right behind it, billowing out in a finger-thick plume that caught her full in the face before looping up, over her head, onto the carpet and wall behind her. It was so thick it hit the wall and stuck there like paste, not even dripping down, even under the substantial drag of its own weight. She moaned at the intoxicating scent as my cum-stench saturated the room.

As soon as the tail of this second jelly worm burst out of my dickhole, I gushed a powerful and prolonged beam of pure, gooey semen so hard that some of it splashed back off Angela’s face and onto her tits, her hair, her stroking hands. I moaned as one spurt melted into the next, a series of firehose torrents, each longer than the last. Another, another, another until her face was an unrecognizable mask of goopy, jelly-thick cum trails, her eyelids plastered shut, her mouth a latticework of cum strands and dripping discharge.

But I wasn’t finished... not even close. Each gush of semen, each mighty rope, lasted about ten seconds apiece. It was as if I was pissing sperm directly onto her, and Angela could only kneel, transfixed in awe, and receive it. The sounds of my powerful sperm blasts echoed off the walls as she continued to blindly milk my shaft:

Splluuuooorrrtt!! Spluuuuuurrrshhh!! Spluuuoorrrggggt! Skuuuuuuushhh!!

She murmured something unintelligible through her cum-glazed facemask, a series of dumb-sounding moans and gurgles. The floor behind her was painted in arcs and splatters of the cum that had missed her face, easily a quart of fluid or more lining the carpet, walls, even the TV.

I grimaced and hitched, dispatching a couple of shorter, thicker spurts, making wet, sputtering noises as the chunky, gummy sperm wads ejected from my cock like bullets. She moaned absently and pulled my cock down, letting my next prolonged beam of piping-hot semen paint her titties and fill her cleavage.

“Fuuhhhh... Feed me...” she moaned, opening her mouth and sticking her tongue out. My cock pulsed and I pissed a chunky, semi-solid blast of sperm into her hungry mouth. It filled her to overflowing swiftly and the tail end of the rope looped out crazily over her lips, down her chin, up her nostrils.

After a solid two minutes of ejaculation, my cock throbbed less and less and the jets became weaker and weaker. Angela turned her face from side to side to let me nut over it totally, coating her cheeks, her forehead, her nose, unloading as fully as I possibly could. Her entire face was so completely coated in a pure mask of sperm jelly that not an inch of her skin could be seen. Her open mouth was so flooded with it that it was filled all the way to the brim and still pouring out. Her hair was plastered and matted with sperm, and it dangled off her chin in long, drooping cords and ropes, sinking to her huge tits below. Dollops of sperm oozed and plopped audibly off her face down onto her chest and cleavage, the only sound in the silent afterglow of my unholy climax.

I shuddered as he oozed out another dribbling emission of semen that splattered between Angela’s famous tits. I wasn’t shooting ropes now so much as leaking a constant flow of backed-up nut. The porn slut gurgled through a mouthful of sperm and gripped the base of my cock, placing her thumbs on the underside to pinch my bulging cum tube, and drew them up the length of the shaft. I moaned as she managed to milk out another thick, globby ejection of chowdery cream into her overfull mouth. Sperm wads splattered over her lips, her chin, her tits.

She released my cock at last and slumped back a little, resting on her knees and panting, cum continually dripping down over her perfect body in an unending cascade... Rivulets running down over her ribcage and toned stomach... Droplets dappling her sun-kissed thighs... Long streaks running from her shoulders down her arms... Her cleavage, flooded like a creek in a thunderstorm, overstuffed with near-solid deposits of heavy cream.

“That was... good,” I said, smirking.

Angela didn’t say anything, because her mouth was so utterly stuffed full of hot, tangy nut custard. She slowly and carefully closed her lips around it, unable to hold it all — a bead of sperm jelly bursting out from between her pursed pink lips and falling wetly to her tits. She sloshed my cement-thick cumload around in her mouth, rolling her tongue around in it, savoring the delicious flavor produced by my over-productive, underage balls. Then she started chewing on the thicker jelly wads, sucking in a breath through

her nose that also pulled in more huge globs of sperm up into her sinuses, clogging and coating them in my spunk. She let out a moaning breath as she savored the powerful and intoxicating flavors and textures for a few more moments, then started swallowing in big, audible gulps. I watched, pleased, as he saw her throat muscles bulging and undulating with each difficult swallow. She took breaks to moan from pleasure between swallows, and it took five big gulps to get it all down.

Then I watched as she opened her mouth, extended her tongue and started scooping handfuls of mysperm jelly from her face into her mouth. She chewed and swallowed these as well, with the thoughtful, diligent enjoyment of a convict savoring their last meal. She gulped down more and more, shoveling handfuls into her hungry mouth until she had scooped up as much as she could. Finally she reached up to her sperm-pasted eyes and carefully scooped the huge jelly wads from her eyelids and sucked them off her sperm-coated fingers, moaning and sliding her tongue between her digits to lick up as much as possible.

Once she had swallowed down all she could gather with her hands, she opened her eyes to look up at me, and I saw a new emotion on her face — the unquestioning adoration of a newly converted slut. There was no question in my mind that she belonged to me now. My sperm still clung to her face in thick wads, some cords still laid across her forehead, even one dangling down over her left eye. But the expression on her face was one of pure reverence.

“T-thank you,” Angela said in a phlegmy, sperm-clogged voice. “Thank you for using my face and mouth as your personal cum dumpster... You shoot... h-holy shit... you shoot *saur* fucking much... I don’t believe it...”

As if to answer her, my cock flexed and drooled a long, shimmering cum worm that plopped down between her tits. Immediately, she began scooping up the zig-zagging lines of cum decorating her massive breasts and feeding it into her mouth, like a starving woman.

“I’m your Master now, Angela,” I said quietly, watching the beautiful porn star feast on my sperm. “Do you understand? You’re about to become a possession, bound to my cock permanently. My property, my slave…”

She paused, looking up me, my cock still at half-mast after delivering the most inhuman, insane cum facial of her entire life. A one-man bukkake. Reaching up slowly, she gently grasped my shaft again with both hands, feeling how unbelievably thick, hard, and *hot* was. She brought one hand up behind my cockhead and placed her fingers around where she felt the ridge of my knob was, and I groaned again, my cock flexing, dispatching a prolonged stream of pre-cum, dribbling down into her cleavage in a looping, syrupy stream. She whimpered as she watched my cock weep and drool for her, and felt my sticky fluids saturating her tits.

“That’s it,” I seethed. “Service me, slut… I’m not done yet…”

We moaned together as Angela gently pulled back my foreskin, unrolling it slowly, my

engorged purple cockhead peeking out slightly at first, then tensing and spurting a prolonged jet of pre-cum that blasted all over her face.

“Uuuunnhhhhh gawdd!” she moaned, as I pissed pure pre- cum for a full ten seconds, all over her nose, her forehead, and into her hair, covering her face again. She held her mouth open just as I groaned and pissed another beam of pre-cum into the back of her throat. She didn’t try to pull away, she just held her mouth open and let me blast it all inside, filling it up in no time and cascading down her chin to splatter onto her obscenely oversized tits.

When I had finished filling her mouth, Angela closed her lips and dutifully gulped down what was inside.

She grasped my cock and rolled my foreskin down further, the feeling of her fingers working the sensitive flesh making me squirm and tense in my seat.

My humongous, engorged, throbbing cockhead came into full view, covered in thick, clumpy wads of accumulated sperm jelly. The smell washed over Angela’s face and she sucked in the pungent aroma of concentrated cock-filth... somewhere between spoiled meat and rotten, festering garbage... And as she basked in the putrid smell, I groaned once again, my dickhole opening wide to spew another prolonged rope of pre-cum all over her beautiful, cum-sodden face.

She moaned appreciatively and opened her mouth, not wanting to waste a drop... and as I watched her accepting the gift, something stirred in my loins and my cock jolted, swelling in her hands before extruding an incredibly dense cord of pearly-white sperm, excreting from my cumslit like a fucking gummy worm made of jism. I groaned with pleasure as I pushed it out like I was birthing a cum baby.

Angela cupped her hand under my dickhead, letting it drool into her palm and coil up in it. The end dropped out of the piss-slit and the rest of the solid cum-rope plopped into her hand. She quickly brought it to her mouth and slurped it up like a long, fat noodle. The look on her face was one of pure ecstasy as she rolled the gummy worm around on her tongue, savoring the intense flavor, her nostrils flaring, her face flushing. She chewed on it loudly, smacking her lips like she had a mouth full of bubble gum. Then she gulped down the cum worm and shuddered with sick pleasure.

“Every drop of my seed you eat only makes you more my slave,” I crowed. “You crave it... You hunger for it... You would do anything for it. Your free will is an illusion, a sick joke. That pure, raw, white-hot cream is the only thing that matters…”

“Yesss, Master,” Angela moaned, swirling her tongue around her lips to dredge up the final droplets of thick, heavy spunk.

Leaning in close to the engorged cocktip, she looked up at me, panting softly. Her breath was hot on my sensitive glans. She pulled up on my mighty shaft and the foreskin rolled up over my dickhead, covering it again. Then, looking up into my eyes, she kissed the spongy, slimy tip of my cock and slowly pushed her tongue inside the

sheathe of foreskin.

“Unnnghhhh, fuck,” I grunted, pissing another long burst of piping-hot pre-cum into her mouth. Angela just gulped it down, holding her mouth open the whole time, until my stream subsided. Then, she resumed wriggling and pushing her tongue deeper under my foreskin.

She moaned as she explored inside my fleshy cock-sleeve, scooping under the flared ridge of my glans, collecting huge wads of potent, concentrated cum-gunk. Her eyes were half-lidded and her body quivered as the intense flavor and smell flooded her senses. Her mind now had space for only one single point of focus: her young master’s perfect cock and divine cum.

Lewdly, desperately, she leaned in and started making out with my foreskin, wriggling her tongue back inside and scooping up more of my thick, pasty cock-filth. Locked in a degraded cycle of pleasure, lust and hunger, she tongue-fucked my foreskin and shoveled up the fermenting gunk within, the hyper-concentrated cum curds. She was hopelessly addicted to it now, devoted to it, servile to it. Her entire life revolved around my perfect cock.

Finally, she pulled her mouth from my foreskin-sheathed cockhead and leaned back, kneeling before me… and slowly, carefully opened her mouth, displaying her prize. Resting on her outstretched tongue was a clumpy heap of butter-colored cum curds and wads of concentrated smegma.

Angela gulped down the last of my wad and leaned in and wrapped her plump lips around my foreskin-hooded knob and started slurping on it like a lollipop while she jacked me. She tugged me off with both hands, double-fisting my horse cock for all she was worth.

My hips bucked and I groaned with pleasure, blasting jet after jet into Angela’s mouth, which she quickly and happily gulped down.

“Yesss,” I said. “Service your Master, whore... Suck my cock... Do it!”

All at once, she pulled her hands away from my mighty shaft and gripped her two massive, fat tits, bouncing and jostling on her chest crazily. She gathered her titties in her hands, scooting forward and hefting them in order to embrace my throbbing pole. She squeezed them around my cock, my member thick and diamond-hard between her two pillowy breasts, disappearing into a seemingly bottomless canyon of cleavage, already lubricated by the pre-cum I had spilled on her earlier. She rocked back and forth with her tits pancaked around the my dick, crushing it, clutching at her creamy globes, gripping them, sinking her fingers into the pillowy softness, and slid them up and down my slick member, milking me.

With my cock fully enmeshed in her cleavage, Angela craned her neck down to suck and slurp on my beet-red cockhead. Her tits were so big and swollen that her face dipped directly into her own soft breastflesh, and she hunched down over my lap with

her lips latched onto the end of my prick, her cheeks concave as she sucked mycock hard. Her titties smashed around the jutting length of mycock in a loving embrace as she developed a rhythm, titty-fucking me in short, insistent thrusts with her beach-ball-sized tits as she sucked continuously, mindlessly, slavishly.

I couldn't last too long like this, and I felt my cock swell between her jelly-soft tits before I simply... burst. The sound was audible, a sickening *splllluuuuoooorrrrrttt* as the first blast gushed into her mouth. Angela's neck bulged out as an ungodly amount of hot, chowdery spunk pumped directly into her, the force of my ejaculation driving it right down her throat. She swallowed valiantly, feeling chunky, near-solid gobs of cum splashing into her stomach, but she had no sooner gulped one clumpy load down than another white-hot pulse of jism filled her mouth.

Her jaw was stretched painfully around my fist-sized cockhead as I fired off salvos of liquid hot cum with inhuman power and ferocity. I pushed her down, her massive breasts squashed up around my cock, her face sinking into a pillowy shelf of her own titflesh as I force-fed her a liquid diet of jelly-thick cum blasts.

I gathered her slimy, sperm-soaked hair in one hand and held her by it, blasting jet after finger-thick jet of clotted white sperm into her passive throat and stomach. I was shooting so hard that I could hear the powerful, wet sounds of my own cock pissing cum into her belly. Excess spunk erupted from her throat, burbling out all over her fat titties and drooling into her own cleavage, while I just kept nutting into her.

My monster cock ejaculated an endless fountain of spunk down Angela's throat and into her stomach. After using her as my personal cum dumpster for a full five minutes, I grunted and spurted one last, nearly-solid cum worm into her overstuffed gut and sat back, basking in the sweet afterglow of orgasm.

My newest slave pulled back, my cock knob popping out of her mouth wetly. There was a sickening gurgling noise as a tide of custard-thick cum jelly boiled up out of her throat and drooled lazily out onto the expanse of jiggling, milky titflesh below in a sick off-white lattice pattern.

The degraded porn slut leaned back and burped up another mouthful of cum curds. I could see her grossly distended belly, stuffed full of more than a gallon of potent nut gravy. She looked pregnant, heavily pregnant, cradling her engorged stomach like an expectant mother, her two mammoth tits resting atop her cum-stuffed belly bump, leaking and spurting milk in drips and drops as she knelt, sated, satisfied, content.

Then, she hitched and her cheeks suddenly inflated like a chipmunk's, her eyes wide with panic, before she began to vomit pure white arcs of cum all over the carpet in a violent torrent, throwing up everything she'd just swallowed. It boiled up her throat and exploded from between her lips in great, chunky gouts, and the porn star was helpless to stop it.

She tried to close her mouth but it only burst from her nostrils, and she collapsed onto her side as the final, shameful display of her total humiliation wracked her. Her body

spasmed again and again as she belched up massive cumloads until her head was surrounded by a thick puddle of regurgitated spunk, and when she was done she simply lay in it, drained, too weak to move, coughing, sputtering, and groaning like a mindless animal.

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I used Angela thoroughly that first night, taking her to bed, spreading her legs and plunging into her with a feeling that I was fulfilling a destiny that had begun the morning I woke up with cum saturating my bedsheets. I held her down and seeded her cunt, making her cry and scream in ecstatic bliss locked in my arms, her mammoth tits squashed against my chest as I bucked against her again and again, my fingers sinking into the soft flesh of her curves as she begged for more.

Stef filmed the proceedings for a while then joined us in bed, amplifying the surreal fantasy of the whole evening. I kissed her deeply as I pounded Angela from behind, her fat ass clapping and dancing with my thrusts. Then Stef sank down beside Angela, kissing and groping her, licking the cum off her, and I jacked off, hungrily watching the two of them smush their bodies together, curves against curves, sloppy tits squashing into one another, the two gorgeous women locked together at the mouth, and when I busted I painted them both with endless white ropes, zigzagging wildly across their conjoined bodies.

By the time morning came, Angela was as obedient as a trained puppy, and a second phase of our weekend trip began to take shape. With my new slave acting on my behalf, it became child's play to arrange private meetings with the biggest names in porn, and the next 24 hours were a blur of fucking and domination as I lured more and more actresses into my web. Brittany Amber. Sophie Dee. Lana Rhoades. Lisa Ann. Ava Addams. Riley Reid. Tori Black. Savannah Bond. Mia Malkova. I lost count of the women I'd fucked, breaking their little minds with ease, making them scream and beg and call me "Master" until they passed out, drowning in an endless torrent of my hyper-potent, pheromone-laced jism.

The suite was littered with their discarded, mind-fucked bodies as I reveled in a fantasy so lurid, so extreme that I never could have even believed it until it was happening.

I felt like I was transcending, moving beyond the Agenda that had propelled me thus far — the high school girls, cheerleaders and MILFs I'd enjoyed so well. I was on a different level now. I was a god. Nothing could stop me.

Chapter 23:
Stacy X

The weekend was productive in other ways that would impact the future of the Agenda, as well. From my new stable of porn sluts, I learned that prostitution — working as paid

escorts — was actually fairly common within the porn community. Stars would earn extra by selling their bodies on the side to high-paying private clients. There were whole online networks, nationally and globally, for this kind of service.

This solved a problem that had been growing as the size of my harem increased. It had occurred to me as early as my first weeks after converting Madison, when I noticed the frantic, desperate way she texted me, eager for more of my cum, her life dominated by the insatiable lust for cream that my powers had instilled in her.

Girls like Madison and Alana had grown accustomed to taking load after load of my orgasm on a fairly regular basis. But the more of these bitches I enjoyed, the more I would have to service. My time was finite — I couldn't afford to maintain real relationships with most of them, and truly in most cases I didn't really want to. As the Agenda picked up speed, my eyes were always on the future, on the next prize. Girls like the cheerleaders, or Madison's sisters, were fun diversions… but the thrill of conquest was fleeting, forcing me to move on.

I returned from Vegas with a select few pornstar sluts to join my permanent harem. Others I left behind, with orders to continue their work and be on the lookout for new recruits to send my way.

I sat the girls back at *Casa Bella* down and told them about my weekend exploits, and then outlined my plans to transform my harem into a profitable sex work business, selling out my girls to high-paying clients as a way of generating revenue. Most of them took it well, bowing their heads and acknowledging their Master's orders, accepting their fates. Others, like the cheerleaders, hugged themselves and sobbed silently as I outlined the plans that would dictate the rest of their bleak, pointless lives.

Then, afterward, I retired to my private suite with Stefanie and the porn sluts, where we fucked wildly until day turned into night.

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As a new form of my operation began to take shape, I was confronted with a major challenge for the first time. During my time in Las Vegas, Stef and I started putting out feelers into the local prostitution rings and brothels. One of the most fascinating to me was called The Ranch — located just outside of the city, it had a reputation for some of the kinkiest and most enthusiastic callgirls, who were all loyal to a mysterious madam known only as Stacy X. Several of the porn sluts I'd recently converted told me that friends of theirs had visited The Ranch, never to return — eagerly joining Stacy X's stable of whores, and abandoning their old lives.

It was becoming clear that my empire would now be functioning as a nationwide prostitution network as more and more pornstars fell under my thrall. I was interested in learning from Stacy X's example, and perhaps even enjoying the company of the woman herself.

Some vague sense of suspicion, however, caused me to exercise caution in my dealings with Stacy X and her Ranch. I didn't want to blunder into her domain without any idea of what to expect. I wanted reconnaissance first.

Stef had grown essential to my operation, and I knew she would be an excellent spy, so I dispatched her back to Vegas with instructions to visit The Ranch, under the pretext that she was interested in becoming one of Stacy X's "working girls." If anyone could get in the door, I knew it was my sister — she had evolved into the ideal honey trap, her body an exaggerated caricature of female allure and sensuality, her personality honed under my care into a perfect sex kitten.

She would be less suspicious going into The Ranch than me — an underage kid — and her potential would be instantly obvious to anyone that saw her. Moreover, I knew Stef had begun to cultivate lesbian tastes of her own. In the event that Stacy X was a dyke, I could use my sister as a way into her bed before insinuating myself. A woman's lust for another woman can be as powerful as a man's — sometimes more so. Deals can be done, barters can be arranged. And Stefanie was so exceptional that I knew Stacy X would make concessions to get her hands on my sister… opening the door for me to get my hands on *her*.

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But as soon as the operation began, it started to go wrong. Stefanie stopped answering my texts not long after she arrived at The Ranch, and a day went by without any contact at all. I began to worry, fearing the worst. A lot can happen to a young girl, even one as capable and cunning as my sister. But when days turned into nights and I'd heard nothing, I started to think about mounting a rescue.

Then, three days after I'd sent Stefanie out to Vegas, I woke to a text from an unknown number on my phone:

Miles.

Come out to The Ranch.

I think we should talk.

-X

PS Love ur sister <3

My stomach twisted with dread as I read and re-read the message. So… Stef had indeed fallen into the clutches of the mysterious Stacy X. There was more going on here than I understood. I had pressed up against something beyond my comprehension for the first time, a greater world, meaner and more dangerous than I was. Who *was* Stacy X?

I considered abandoning my sister rather than putting myself in harm's way by visiting

The Ranch. But I couldn't. She was too important to me, and to the Agenda itself. She'd become like another piece of me, an extension of my own body. I couldn't afford to lose her.

At the time it felt like I was blundering into disaster, but I didn't know what lay ahead would be a crucial step on my road to greater influence and power: My first encounter with another mutant. And she, like myself… was a predator.

— — —

The Ranch was a massive, sprawling complex reminiscent of a ski lodge, situated on a few acres of completely empty flat land north of Las Vegas. I drove through the front gate and walked up from the parking lot as the late afternoon sun radiated off the blacktop, and was ushered inside by a hulking, bald black man in sunglasses and a dark suit.

There was a broad, expansive bar against one far wall, and a lounge-like seating area inside. A blindingly bright pink neon side reading "Stacy X" hung along another wall. The lounge was filled with young women in various fetishistic outfits — revealing cocktail dresses, lingerie, babydolls, string bikinis — and they stood watching me as I stepped in awkwardly. One of them, a bright-faced 20-something blonde in a classic Playboy bunny outfit, stepped up and greeted me.

"Missuz X is upstairs," the blonde chirped with a smile. "She'll see you now."

She led me through a broad archway toward a grand staircase leading up to the second floor and I followed warily, eyeing my surroundings. The girls in the lounge watched me silently, with cold eyes. I felt exposed, naked… out of my depth.

At the top of the staircase was a long hallway lined with doors, leading back to a single door marked with another bright pink neon "X."

"X marks the spot," the blonde bunny said, turning and leaving me alone at the landing at the top of the stairs. I watched her round ass as she stalked away, the little rabbit tail bobbing and swaying, and then reminded myself to focus.

I turned and walked down the long hallway, hearing the sounds of moaning and slapping flesh from inside as Stacy X's various whores serviced their clients. There was something gross and disturbing about the chorus of grunts, gasps and groans, growing louder, like the wailing of tortured sinners you might imagine as you descend into hell.

I reached the far door, the pink neon light bathing me, burning my eyes. I turned the knob and stepped through.

It was as if I had passed not just into a different room, but a different world. The lounge-like space I entered was lined with jungle ferns and other exotic plants, layered so thick that the room itself seemed to be pulled straight from a tropical rainforest. The chamber

was lit dimly, and the air was heavy, thick, and had a pleasantly sweet aroma.

Before me, on a single plush leather sofa, sat Stacy X.

She was lithe, voluptuous, unmistakably sexual, but with a coiled intensity that felt instantly threatening. She was dressed in black leather dominatrix gear — a tight corset cinched around her wasp-thin waist, pushing up two magnificent breasts into a deep cleavage. Thigh-high leather boots encased her long, folded legs, ending in spiked stiletto heels. The briefest of thongs hid her modesty from me as I approached, but my eyes were drawn to the intricately detailed black snake tattoo that encircled her arm, leading from her wrist up to her shoulder.

Her skin was the color of coffee with cream, her features exotic, sharp and beautiful, her shapely lips painted deep burgundy red. Her dark hair was swept back, and her eyes were green and shimmering. As I approached I could see her pupils were narrow slits, like a cat's eyes. She had a strange and ageless beauty, and could have been 20 years old or 50, I couldn't really tell. I felt unsettled but immediately drawn to her, sniffing the sweet smell in the room as I came closer.

I caught my breath as I saw a figure huddled at her side on the floor — the immediately recognizable form of my sister. Stefanie was naked, her full body on display, her hair wild, and she gazed forward vacantly, seeming not even to see me as I walked in. She wore a studded leather choker collar around her graceful neck, attached to a leash that Stacy X was twirling around one finger idly as she sat, smirking.

I sniffed the air again. What was that smell? It wasn't unpleasant… the more I breathed in, the more I wanted. Something the plants and flowers around me were emitting, perhaps?

"Just a boy," Stacy said, looking me up and down like she was studying a plated steak dinner. "Not quite what I expected… but I guess it makes sense."

"Stacy X," I replied dumbly, not really sure what to say, standing before her at a healthy distance.

"I enjoyed your sister," the leather-clad madam smiled. "A clumsy attempt at infiltration, but I'm used to that by now. Still… she's not without her charms."

The older woman jerked at Stefanie's leash and my sister tensed, rising up on her knees immediately like a trained dog, her fat tits jiggling and swaying on her chest, her chin held high, back arched.

"Stefanie here is a natural beauty… and a natural talent," Stacy X purred. "But I've seen enough to know when a girl has been… altered. Her breasts are full and lovely… but too big for her frame at this age. Her lips, her ass… I can tell her body has been configured for pleasure. A man's pleasure. But she sure as hell hasn't had any surgery."

I watched as Stacy caressed my sister's face before reaching down, scooping up a

handful of titflesh and weighing it between her fingers, kneading the fat nipple, her eyes locked on mine. Stefanie mewled softly to herself but knelt complacently, passively, as she was groped by the older woman.

“I try to corrupt her… and find the work already done,” Stacy smiled. “I sensed your touch, your immature desires… Your unrefined tastes. She was your first, wasn’t she?”

“What have you done to her?” I asked, trying to keep my voice from quavering. I began to realize I may have been far out of my depth… outmatched, outsmarted, outmaneuvered.

“Oh, sweet child,” Stacy said, tutting and shaking her head. “Did you really think… you were the only one with powers like yours?”

My stomach sank as I realized what had happened and saw the truth of the situation at last. Stacy X was a mutant, like me. Very much like me, in fact — she wielded some sort of pheromonal powers similar to my own. But apparently they were more powerful, honed over years while mine were only just emerging. It had been easy for her to subjugate and subvert my own sister, stealing her away, rendering her allegiance to me meaningless. In that moment I felt as powerless as any of the women I had enslaved, as helpless and pathetic as any of the men I’d cucked. She had taken my own sister from me.

And I realized what that sickly sweet smell was as I breathed in another lungful. Not the odor of some noxious nectar emitted by the jungle plants around us… No… I was inhaling Stacy’s own pheromones, slowly eroding my own willpower, just as I had done to so many hapless females over the past several months. I was more at risk of falling under Stacy X’s thrall with each passing second, and the evidence was kneeling right there in front of me beside the sofa.

“Pheromones,” I murmured, cursing my own foolishness. Stacy threw her head back and cackled with laughter in response.

“Yes, that’s right,” she smiled, uncrossing her legs and standing from the sofa. She stepped toward me and Stefanie meekly crawled beside her on all fours, head down, led by the leash. “Mutant pheromones. I discovered my powers when I was around your age. It was a… messy few years. I already knew I could draw men’s attention with my body… but soon I realized I could control their minds, their souls… their bank accounts. I used my powers to bring about an enviable, self-sufficient lifestyle… and I’ve built an empire out of the manipulation of men’s desires.”

I trembled as she stalked closer, like a tiger circling its prey. I was increasingly terrified of her, but the fear was underlined by a dark thrill, a surge of lust as my cock stiffened in my pants, my eyes raking over her luscious, curvaceous form, her tits squashed inside that leather corset, thrust upward in a magnificent cleavage. Her sultry, snakelike eyes, studying me. I wanted her, deeply, felt her own pheromones working in my body, clouding my mind, stoking my desires. I would do anything to have her, my cock

growing ever harder, tenting the front of my pants painfully as I thrummed with need…

“Oh, you poor boy,” Stacy said, glancing down and noting my evident arousal. “You thought you would come here… and fuck me, is that it? You wanted to learn my secrets? Absorb my harem, my stable of whores, take it all for yourself? Well, that’s not exactly how things are going to go…”

She was close now, within arm’s reach, and I stood stock-still, petrified, as she ran a fingernail up my throat, lifting my chin so I gazed into her glittering, green, slitted-pupil eyes.

“I’ve had decades to develop my abilities,” she hissed. “I have a greater control over my powers than you can possibly conceive, boy. You are nothing. By the time I’m done with you, you’ll be a slobbering, slavering, drooling simpleton, a mindless husk. And when I grow bored of you, I’ll put you to work at my Ranch, selling your tight little teenage ass. I have plenty of customers who are just as happy to fuck boy-pussy… Some even prefer it.”

I shivered as she outlined the dark future awaiting me. Her scent was in my nostrils, saturating me, enveloping me… I looked down pleadingly at Stefanie, but she just stared forward blankly, not even acknowledging my presence.

“I can mold you… reshape you… into anything I want,” Stacy smiled, looking me up and down. “And I think as punishment for your insolence, you can serve out your few remaining years of usefulness as a femme-boy pleasure-toy for the filthiest, nastiest men I can find. And do you know the best part? You’ll love me for it.”

Our eyes locked, and in that instant I felt a sudden awareness wash over me, a sixth sense I’d never known before. It was as if… I could actually *see* Stacy’s mutant powers, hovering around her like an aura. I had never met another mutant before, at this range at least, and in that moment she was pinging on some sort of internal radar I’d never perceived. Some facet of my powers I didn’t even realize I had…

I held her gaze, staring at her coldly, as I tried to push back internally against her encroaching control. I realized my own pheromones weren’t strong enough to overcome hers… but some other emergent aspect of my powers I didn’t understand enabled me to resist her programming. No, more than that… I realized I could actually reach out with my mind, and…

Beads of sweat dappled my forehead as my brow furrowed in concentration. She noted my resistance and smiled mockingly.

“Oh, precious child,” she said, caressing my cheek. “Do you actually think there’s hope? Even now, do you think you stand a chance against Mama Stacy?”

But even as Stacy X gloated, I was moving stealthily into her mind, exploring tentatively, then going in for the kill, powering down her mutant capabilities. I found I couldn’t *remove* her mutant powers, but I could curtail her access to them. It was as if a light

above Stacy's head went off, and I knew her pheromone powers had been disabled. I gasped in relief, breathing heavily at the exertion. I had no idea where this new aspect of my powers had emerged from, but it hadn't come a moment too soon. The feeling of satisfaction was multiplied as I noticed Stacy X sniffing the air idly, registering my own pheromones for the first time.

Did she know? Was she aware that I had deactivated her powers? I could see it, feel it, plain as day. Glancing down, I saw Stefanie shake her head slightly, looking woozy, wincing as if she was grappling with a heavy hangover. Yes… it was working. As Stacy's pheromone powers receded, Stef was waking from her trance-like fugue state.

"You'll never control me… bitch," I hissed, locking eyes with Stacy X. She *tsked* and ran her hand up the side of my face, digging in with her nails, drawing red claw-marks along my cheek.

"Naughty boy," she said, shaking her head. "I'm going to enjoy this…"

She reached down and unbuttoned my pants, unzipping the fly hurriedly and slipping her hand inside, encircling the fat, girthy, trunk-like root of my cock. I gasped in pleasure as her fingers gripped me, hauling my prick out of my underwear into the open air. My dick jutted out like a spear and she admired its length, its thickness and rigidity, stroking me slowly as she stood uncomfortably close, mashing her tits against my shoulder, breathing against my cheek.

"Mmm, what a big, beautiful cock," she purred, admiring my footlong, iron-hard prick. "I bet you thought this thing made you special, hmm?"

I hissed wordlessly as she stroked, looking her dead in the eye, unmoving.

"There's *nothing* special about you," she whispered, nudging against my face with her nose and lips. "I eat boys like you for breakfast. I can do things to you that you'll love and despise… I can make you scream, make you beg… And you'll always want more…"

Incredible. It seemed Stacy really didn't realize her own pheromone powers had been disabled. It made sense, I suppose, since they were largely a passive, subconscious ability. But my own mind was clearing, the teasing feeling of her hand on my cock drawing me back to full awareness, and I realized she was being drawn to my own pheromones now, our roles reversing. She was sniffing me cravenly, like a dog, inhaling my own noxious musk, drawing herself in close to sink her nose into the nape of my neck, breathing in heavily.

With no defense against me, my own powers were beginning to subvert *her* mind, not the other way around… and she didn't even know it. She thought she was acting under her own will, dominating me… but she was being slowly corrupted from the inside. She stroked me gently, cooing as she jerked my cock back and forth, and I moaned as my dickhole belched up a sloppy mess of pre-cum. Stacy quickly collected it in her palm

and used it to lubricate her jacking strokes, sighing as she crushed herself against me.

I looked down and saw Stefanie staring up at me, eyes confused, questioning. She was blinking as she stared at my own cock looming in front of her face, Stacy X slowly jerking me, coaxing more heavy cream from the coinslot-sized dickhole. Without hesitation, Stef rose up on her knees and took my dickhead between her puffy pink lips, slurping greedily on my prick, her tongue dancing around the rim of my foreskin as Stacy continued jerking me off, too focused on the task at hand to acknowledge Stefanie's sudden change of heart. My sister moaned appreciatively at the taste as she drew out more milky, syrup-thick pre-cum, her deeply implanted addiction to my own pheromones re-asserting itself over her malleable mind even as Stacy X fell deeper under my spell.

The older woman was nuzzling against my cheek, huffing my musk, sniffing deeply like a bloodhound as my own pheromones began to dominate her mind. I turned my head to face her and caught her in a kiss, mashing my lips into hers, forcing my tongue into her mouth. She tried to pull away but I caught her by the back of her head and drew her close, my fingers sliding down to encircle her throat from behind as she melted against me, sucking hungrily on my tongue, still jerking confidently on my iron-girder shaft. She moaned, my tongue lancing out to claim her, and I bit her fat lower lip, making her whimper in pain. I pulled away and her catlike eyes had a dazed, vacant expression, a look I recognized from so many women before her. Without her mutant powers, Stacy X was just like any of them. No defense… no hope.

"You're gonna be so… much… fun," Stacy murmured, her hand locked around my prick, jerking me harder now, passionately, insistently. "Such a bad little boy… You need to be punished, don't you?"

I smiled, realizing the bitch still didn't get it… the tables had turned. She still thought she was in control, that she was acting of her own accord, not under the influence of my own mind-altering pheromones.

"Why don't you punish me, then?" I hissed back at her. "Show me what the big, bad Stacy X can do…"

"Mmm," she hummed, squeezing my cock harder as she jacked me off with quick, brutal strokes, breathing hotly against my cheek. "Watch your tone, child… I've been doing this… since before you were born…"

"You're a fucking stupid bitch," I whispered. "That's what you are…"

"Yessss," she murmured, eyelids fluttering as she breathed in my musk.

"Say it," I commanded.

"I'm a stupid… fucking… bitch," she breathed, crushing her body against mine, her hips thrusting against my thigh. My cock spurted a heavy jet of pre-cum directly into

Stefanie's slurping mouth, making her squeal in delight as Stacy jacked me off. Stef's hands came up and cradled my balls, alternately squeezing each heavy, cum-stuffed, grapefruit-sized testicle as the older woman milked me mindlessly.

I reached up and gripped the edge of her corset, yanking it down, snapping the clasps apart and exposing her breasts. Her big, fat titties exploded into the open air readily, flopping, bouncing and jiggling before my hungry eyes. They were huge, fat, teardrop-shaped and perfectly formed… paler than the rest of her almond latte complexion, making the caramel-colored areola and ruddy, swollen nipples stand out all the more deliciously.

"Hey," she said dumbly, watching me tear her corset apart. "You didn't ask… Momma's permission…"

"I don't need your fucking permission, whore," I spat, groping her naked tit shamelessly, kneading the fat, supple flesh between my fingers. I cupped her titty and dipped my head down, pulling one nipple into my mouth and sucking lewdly, making her squirm and gasp as I bit down hard.

"Ooh!" she moaned, still jerking me with rapid, insistent strokes. "Well, I… I suppose that's…"

I smacked her tits playfully, enjoying the way they jiggled and jostled back and forth, sucking and slurping on the nipple, burying my face in her cleavage. Then I disengaged, standing straight and staring into her face.

"Get on your knees, slut," I ordered. I enjoyed the look of confusion on her face as she flinched at the crude command, trembling before me.

"I… no…" she murmured, blinking, not comprehending. "That's not how… I don't… kneel for you…"

"You do now," I sneered, slapping her across the face, hard.

SMAKK!!

She yelped, releasing her grasp on my cock and staggering backwards. Stefanie kept slurping happily, juggling my balls as I unloaded more heavy pre-spunk down her throat. I caught Stacy X by the hair and smacked her again.

SLAPP!!

She gasped, collapsing abruptly to her knees, joining Stefanie before me, looking up at me with pink handprints blossoming on both of her cheeks. I saw the dawning terror in her eyes as she began to realize that something was going wrong, that this wasn't how she expected to be treated, this wasn't how this seduction was supposed to go.

“What… H-how… how…?” she stammered, unable to form the words through the haze of fuck-lust my pheromones had wrought upon her vulnerable mind.

“I guess you didn’t understand my powers as well as you thought,” I crowed.

“No… you can’t… it’s not possible,” she whimpered, tears welling in her eyes, tits hanging out shamefully… a dominatrix defiled.

“Suck my balls, bitch,” I ordered.

“You little shit… I don’t… I would never…”

But even as she protested, Stef was reaching over to take Stacy by the hair, guiding her down, pushing her forward to bury her face in my swollen, heavy scrotum. The older woman started sniffing and licking, bathing her features in my musk and kissing lewdly at my balls, pursing her lips and slurping first one big, gurgling nut and then the other, stuffing her nose into the cleft between them and snuffling hard enough to get my male stench deep in her nostrils, feeding her growing addiction to my musk.

Stef smiled up at me as she gathered the loose flesh of my scrotal sack hanging just below my cockshaft and gripped it tight, stretching the skin taut around my gravid, cum-stuffed nuts. Stacy smothered her mouth with the burbling, rumbling mass, like two softballs in a tube sock, shoving them harshly against the underside of her nose.

Her eyelids fluttered from inhaling pure sweat and ball-stink, and she moaned as her eyes rolled back in her head, my balls stuffing her nostrils completely. By the time she pulled away she was gasping hoarsely, tongue lolling from an open mouth, looking absolutely dick-drunk off my nut-musk.

“Fuuuuck, it stiiiinks,” she moaned, eyes rolling crazily in her head. “It’s so amazinggg…”

Without her powers, Stacy X was just another woman succumbing to me, her brain fried by my mutant pheromones. I stood over her and sank my hands into her dark hair, gripping it like handlebars, pulling her head up level with my cock, lining her up.

“What have I done…?” she murmured in her last moment of lucidity, staring down more than a foot of granite-hard cockshaft. Then I stabbed my erection forward into her mouth, pushing forward until the prick helmet jabbed into the back of her throat, making her gag and heave. She tried to wriggle away, planting her hands on my thighs and pushing back mightily, but I planted my feet, gripping her hair, and Stefanie moved behind her, preventing her escape.

I dragged her head forward, my cockhead penetrating her esophagus and driving downward as she choked and sputtered helplessly on my length. Drool poured down her chin as she gargled frantically around that fat, veiny girth, spitting up bubbly rivers of saliva that dribbled down into the canyon between her tits.

“Nngh,” I grunted, thrusting my hips, drawing a pained *GLUCKK!!* out of the kneeling Stacy X. As I repeated the thrusting, her protesting, choking gurgles became a lewd refrain of *glukk-glukk-glukk-glukk*, picking up speed as I pounded her throat harder and harder. The shape of my fat, angry cock bulged out of the slender curve of her neck and my heavy, sweaty balls bounced against her chin.

I took all my anger and frustration out on Stacy’s face, paying her back for her gloating, for the threats of sexual servitude she had made, the dark and deviant future she had spelled out for me mere minutes beforehand. The shoe was truly on the other foot now, as she stared down a future of bondage much as she stared down my arm-thick, iron-hard cock each time I ripped it up out of her gullet, before driving it down again with another wet *GLUKK!!*

I became more animalistic and savage, a bestial sneer on my face, my teeth clenched, sweat beading on my forehead. I was seething, calling Stacy a *cunt*, a *bitch*, a *whore*, with every breath, losing myself in the vicious act of battering her with my rampaging cock.

Stacy herself was clearly growing dazed, her brains scrambled and rattled inside her skull as I used all my pent-up aggression to give her a truly dehumanizing *skull fuck*. She was beautiful, but her face was lewdly distorted and drained of all dignity as I raped her throat, her mouth spread wide around the vein-riddled girth, lips pulling away from her face in a pathetic caricature of a cock-sucking slut. She spluttered, a bubble of cock-snot blooming from one nostril before popping wetly.

“Fuck her up, Miles,” my sister hissed, guiding Stacy’s head along my pole — up and down, up and down. “The things this bitch did to me… The things she threatened to do to me… Nothing is too good for her…”

I cored out the bitch’s throat all the way down to her stomach, slamming my hips forward as I approached climax. Stacy’s face was a sloppy, mascara-streaked, spit-drooling blur, bashing into my pelvis again and again with wet, squishy impacts — *blughk, glaghhk, guuughhk, gluurghh* — and her arms fell limp at her sides, no longer bracing herself against my thighs, as I scrambled her brains with repeated face-fucking blows. Her eyes were red, tears leaking freely down her flushed, crimson cheeks, her nostrils drooling pre-cum and throat slime…

There was a sickening c*runch* as her nose broke, slamming against my pelvis at full speed, squashing flat against my hips. I yanked her forwards, leaning into it, putting all my weight against her, making sure I was buried to the hilt, with my fat cock more than halfway down to her stomach. I grunted like an animal and crossed the edge readily, cumming hard into her well-raped throat.

Hot, chunky splashes of jelly-solid semen erupted deep into her guts, and a wave of euphoria rushed over me as I basked in the moment of victory, of triumph, of pure, perfect release. My cock swelled and my balls clenched up against the base of my

shaft, emptying themselves with a dull, muffled gurgling. Hot, chowder-thick bursts of cum fired off down Stacy's clenching throat, rope after rope pouring down her gullet and into her stomach, where they looped and piled and coiled on top of each other like a nest of snakes — *spluurrrggtt, skluuuorrrttt, skkggttggtttt…*

I hugged Stacy's head to my crotch as I fired salvo after salvo of liquid-hot jism down her gulping, cock-stuffed throat, filling her stomach until it overflowed up her esophagus, enjoying the way she twitched and flopped like a fish as she began vomiting my cum back up onto my diamond-hard pole. Spurt after thick, chunky spurt of backed-up, curdled semen, bursting out of her nostrils and drooling from her spread-thin lips as she hacked and gagged helplessly.

When I finally pulled out minutes later, a bridge of thick, glistening cum-strands connected my cock to her gasping mouth and lips. Her nose was crooked, blood leaking in threads from both nostrils, and she panted through her mouth, blowing semen bubbles with her tongue out and her eyes rolled back, looking totally destroyed.

"Muhh… Master," she breathed, her mouth a sloppy latticework of cum strands and spittle.

I smacked Stacy hard, sending sperm and spit-slime splattering off to the side, and then Stef held the bitch's head back while I jerked my cock furiously, depositing a final few, semi-solid cum worms in a coiling, sickly pearlescent mass over her broken, bruised, bleeding face.

When Stef finally released her, Stacy collapsed on the floor in a wretched, huddled heap. My sister crawled to me hurriedly and embraced my leg, hugging me tight.

"Thank you for rescuing me, Miles," she breathed, sobbing. "Thank you for coming… Oh God, I was so scared… Thank you…"

"It's alright… It's alright now," I said, patting her fiery red hair, looking down at the disgraced and ruined cum-dumpster that had once been Stacy X. My softening cock suddenly jerked back to life as I remembered all the nubile young women downstairs, all the whores this proud, arrogant bitch had enslaved and employed. They were all mine now, I realized. The Ranch was mine. All of it.

This had been a close encounter, and a foolish risk on my part. I had almost lost my sister, and very nearly myself. But it had been a crucial and instructive lesson as well… I had learned a fascinating new aspect of my own powers, tested my mettle against a vicious, ruthless mutant predator, and emerged victorious… and stronger than ever, with a gaggle of new whores to join my ever-expanding harem.

The Agenda was entering a new and exciting phase, and there was no limit now to what I could achieve. Still, I thought… it would be some time before I'd ready to face down another mutant in a life-or-death struggle. For now, I simply wanted to relax and enjoy myself.

Chapter 24:
Instagram Thot Party

Three weeks later I was lounging on a deck chair aboard a 40-meter super-yacht I'd leased, cruising off the coast of Miami. The sunshine was brilliant and blinding, the water an endless tropical blue.

I was surrounded by an endless parade of bikini-clad bombshells, their skin rich shades of cinnamon and bronze, toned bodies toasted by the Miami sun. Dominican women, Puerto Ricans, Cubans, Mexicans, and good old-fashioned American girls. Full, firm ass-cheeks swallowing up thongs… Luscious breasts — all of them fake — barely contained by dental-floss string bikinis. The guest list was mostly comprised of Instagram thots and fitness models — social media influencers who'd come for the open bar and the photo opportunities.

I'd learned from my new pornstar acquisitions that parties like this one were a dime a dozen in coastal hotspots like Miami. Parasites like these "influencers" flocked to the wealthy like a moth to the flame, practically smelling the money… and since I'd left Chicago and the Keystone Academy behind and embarked on my new life, I was learning how to be successfully, conspicuously rich.

No one on the boat really knew who I was, and they didn't need to. I watched the girls go by, most of them ignoring me. The DJ was in the midst of a bumping set, and girls were lined up at the railing to the port side for a waterslide that took them four stories down to the open ocean below, where more thots and gym-bunny-bodied beauties frolicked on jet skis.

Normally I would be scanning the crowd, looking for my perfect target, eager to sate the bottomless hunger for sex and domination that had ruled my life since the day my cock first grew. But today, I could relax. I sat back, sipping a mojito, and watched the crowd through my sunglasses. And from maybe 20 feet away, I watched my sister at work.

Across the deck, Stef was talking excitedly with one of the countless gorgeous women populating my boat. Even among the crowds of stunning, scantily clad beauties, she stood out as special, and once my eyes locked onto her I had difficulty looking away. She had dark hair, tan skin, plump, overinflated bimbo lips, and mindless, empty eyes painted carefully with mascara. Her body was the kind of walking fantasy that I found irresistible… Huge, rounded, fulsome tits standing out firm and proud on her chest, easily FF cups. The shimmering gold string bikini she wore left most of her body on display, and behind her, jutting out like a shelf, was a huge, fat ass that had long ago gobbled up the feeble g-string encircling her slim waist.

Her name was Abigail Ratchford, and unlike most of the thots and social climbers currently frolicking onboard at my expense, she was special. Abigail was a glamour model, an actress, and a social media influencer with more than 9 million followers on

instagram. She was in Miami for a *Sports Illustrated* shoot, and she represented my first step into a larger world. She was a target.

Next to her, in an equally revealing neon pink bikini, Stefanie looked younger, fresher, and just as full-bodied… But even after weeks of lounging in the Miami sun, she hadn't developed a deep, rich tan like Abigail's. Women down here seemed to absorb the sunlight and radiate it back outward all on their own. You almost had to shield your eyes looking at some of them.

Stef and Abigail were deep in conversation, chatting happily over drinks. I noticed Abigail reach out and touch Stef's bare arm, emphasizing some point with subtle physical touch. Brief, casual, but intimate.

So, I thought. It was working.

In the weeks since our encounter with Stacy X, I had started to notice some changes in Stef. It seemed she was now excreting a modified, low-level form of my own pheromones. I'd noticed it first when we worked our way through The Ranch's stable of whores together, and some of the newer recruits took a special interest in my sister. I recognized in their faces the same kind of dead-eyed devotion I was used to seeing only directed toward me.

I wondered if Stef was manifesting her own mutant powers to complement my own, but that didn't seem right. My feelings for her didn't change. I didn't sense any chemical component bonding me to her, in the way I had bound her to me. Whatever was happening, she remained entirely subservient and subordinate to me.

But now my sister was a far more dangerous weapon than she had been even just a few months prior. Where once I could use her as a distraction, as with men like poor old Mr. Blair, her powers of seduction were now amplified exponentially. In the way my pheromones had made me irresistible to women, Stef now had total superiority over all men… except me, her brother and her one true Master.

And, perhaps even more fascinating… we learned her powers also worked on women, to some extent. Even straight women. Stef had already been operating as an extension of my own will, but his aspect of her nascent powers made it literal. For the first time, she had the power to make any man her slave. And, indeed, any woman.

I watched it taking effect on Abigail right before my eyes… the model was totally locked on Stef, hanging on her every word, smiling and nodding complacently as my sister rambled about god knows what. When Stef laughed, she laughed. When Stef paused to take a sip of her drink, so did she. Abigail was 30, more than 10 years older than Stef, but my sister had already completely dominated her, that much was clear.

Stef glanced over at me and I gave her a curt nod, and she leaned in to whisper something into Abigail's ear. The other woman nodded excitedly, and then the two turned and headed off of the main deck into the air-conditioned lobby and bar. I rose

from my seat and followed them into the cool, crisp interior.

They were descending a grand spiral staircase down to the guest accommodations on the lower deck, just as Stef had been instructed. I kept a cautious distance, admiring Abigail's ass from afar. Stef led the woman to the master bedroom suite, the sounds of the party receding as we went further downstairs. They crept through the double doors and disappeared.

When I finally entered the master suite, Stef and Abigail were huddled together on the bed, Stef sprinkling some white powder out of a little baggie onto the back her hand.

"Go on," she whispered. Abigail took Stef's hand and guided it to her face, then leant down and snorted the bump of coke. She winced and shook her head briefly, then breathed deeply and exhaled, craning her head back.

"Ffffuck, that's good shit," she said, eyes shut.

Stef glanced over at me and smiled sweetly as she applied more coke to her hand, then snorted it herself.

"Whoa, who the fuck are you?" Abigail asked, suddenly noticing me standing by the door.

"Oh, that's just my boyfriend," Stef said casually, dabbling more coke on her hand.

"Boyfriend?" Abigail looked slightly dejected. Her pride, wounded, even if she didn't know quite why.

"Yeah, it's his boat," Stef said, presenting her hand to the older woman. "His party."

"Oh yeah? Cool party," Abigail said coldly, taking Stef's hand again.

"It's okay, don't mind me," I said cheerily. "I'm just here to watch."

"Oh, you like to watch, huh?" Abigail looked me up and down inquisitively, judged that I wasn't a threat, and smirked. She snorted the coke, then took one of Stef's fingers between her plump, gossamer, collagen-inflated lips and sucked down to the knuckle, her cheeks going concave as she slurped noisily, suggestively.

Stef grinned, thrusting first one then two fingers into Abigail's mouth as the older woman licked her digits sloppily, hungrily. Then Stef took the little clear baggie and sprinkled the remaining coke on her own breasts, flecking the shelf of jiggling titmeat with white powder.

Abigail moved forward, dipping her face and sinking her nose into Stefanie's supple canyon of cleavage, snorting and humming, motor-boating my sister in front of me. Stef cradled her head, drawing the older woman into her bosom, thrusting her titties out.

“Fuck, I can’t believe these are real,” Abigail murmured, voice muffled by the mountains of titflesh burying her face. “You’re so lucky, Stef… Mine cost me $35,000.”

Stef stroked the other woman’s dark hair, cooing lustfully as Abigail kissed and nipped at her heaving, yielding breastflesh. Her long legs came up to encircle the woman’s waist and they reclined together onto the bed, Abigail moaning softly as she licked and snorted up coke residue.

“God, this is crazy,” Abigail said in a hushed voice. “I never do this… and you’re so young…”

“Shhh,” Stef said simply, reaching down to peel the bikini away from one titanic breast, exposing the blush-pink nipple. And there, at the crest of the nipple bud, quivering and white… sat a droplet of milk.

This was the second new development in Stef’s biology. She was now lactating regularly, even though multiple tests had determined she was *not* pregnant. In fact, even after pumping liters of cum into my slaves on a daily basis, none of them had gotten pregnant yet, leading me to wonder if sterility was a side-effect of my powers. Nevertheless, Stef was lactating, heavily, often at moments of peak arousal. And in another curious echo of my own powers, her milk was dense with her pheromones and highly addictive, second only to my own cream.

Abigail looked down at the quivering little bead of milk and sniffed, her mind registering the powerful pheromones emanating from it. Her instincts took over and she leaned in, slurping Stef’s nipple between her lips and beginning a hungry, passionate nursing on my sister’s fat, sloshing, milk-stuffed breast. She pulled rhythmically on it, squeezing with both hands, and Stef arched her back in obvious enjoyment. The woman coaxed more tit-cream forth, slurping it up readily, unaware that her fate was now firmly cemented in place.

“Tastes so fucking good,” she murmured, licking her lips and gulping down a rich, heavy mouthful of milk.

My cock burst into life as I watched a woman submit to my sister, taking her mind-deadening cream, the magic of our mutant pheromones taking hold. I knew Abigail’s life was forever altered, her fate now cemented in place. My rod engorged into a full-on state of arousal, tenting the front of my swim-trunks dramatically. I pulled it free, shuffling the trunks down, and began jerking off as I watched.

Stef pulled the other cup of her bikini away, offering another heaving, leaking breast to Abigail, and the woman collapsed onto her, feeding, nursing, drawing forth more mind-sapping cream. Stef cradled her lover’s head, guiding her form one breast to the other as the woman sucked hard and fast, her hunger for cream now insatiable.

My sister mewled in enjoyment as Abigail milked her, drawing more and more cream

forth until it was spurting heavily in rivulets down the slopes of her mountainous breasts, rubbing it all over the soft, pillowy flesh, using it almost as a lubricant, trying to jack off Stef's tit like a cock.

Abigail pulled on the massive breasts in front of her, stroking them, licking them, descending into a maelstrom of sexual excitement. She had a stupid smile locked on her face as she continued the masturbation of Stef's mammaries, lost in the joyous abandonment of her milk, rubbing it on her own body now, her own tits, before returning to the source, pulling on the tit-flesh, working both of her hands around the nipple and pinching hard, just as an experienced dairy farmer might work a cow's udder.

Finally the stimulation was too much for Stefanie, and with a triumphant scream she came, jets of her tit-milk erupting and shooting forth over Abigail's face, ejaculating much like a cum-spewing cock. Abigail leaned forwards to catch the torrent on her face, mouth open, tongue hanging out, until she was drawn down to the blasting, sputtering nipple and latched on, cheeks inflating as gulped and swallowed feverishly. She could only contain one at once and Stef's second breast blew arcing, looping jets of heavy cream into the air like a fountain, massaging Abigail's back as the model drank, and drank, and drank.

Shuddering with lust, I staggered forward, jerking wildly, allowing thick wads of cum to coat my pole before I advanced on the writhing girl couple in my bed. Abigail's big, inviting buttocks stood out proudly and I wasted no time, running my hand over the smooth flesh, sampling its firmness, its jelly-softness, spanking her hard and making her yelp.

Abigail turned over her shoulder, eyes suddenly confused.

"No, hey, hold on," she protested. "You said… you were just gonna watch… You can't…"

"Bitch, shut the fuck up," Stef said, forcing her down onto a still-weeping nipple. Abigail's protests disintegrated as she surrendered to the all-consuming, mind-warping power of my sister's milk.

I pulled the thong out of Abigail's ass and slipped it to the side, revealing the puckered rosette of her asshole as she knelt on all fours over my sister's writhing, arching body. I pulled the bitch's cheeks apart and placed the bloated head of my pick over her anus, my cock spitting up gloopy wads of my own thick, steaming-hot, white cream. I used these chowdery bursts to help lubricate my pole, easing my prick against her, forcing her asshole slowly wider. She moaned long and low, trembling, clenching her asshole tight, and I spanked her hard until she relented, then I plunged forward, burying my pole halfway up inside her as she screamed hard into Stefanie's sloshing, pillow-soft titty.

She was tight, so fucking tight, and as she clenched hard in a vain attempt to force my cock back out of her ass, the pressure and pleasure on my shaft was unreal. I slowly pumped the glans between her clenching sphincter muscles, pushing slowly but insistently past the tight ring until I could drive the remainder of my shaft deep inside her

rectum. She squealed as I squirted pre-cum deep into her bowels, my sensitizing spunk giving her an internal itch that only my cock could scratch, and her hips swiveled as she attempted to evade me, only amplifying the mind-blowing sensations as I sank into her ass.

I rested my hands on each of her expansive ass-cheeks, rubbing them deeply, kneading them, spreading them wide, my cock spearing into her, deeper, deeper…

Abigail reared back, wailing at the feeling of intrusion, of unwelcome penetration, and I hugged her from behind, my arms moving around to cup her tits, to slap them, to rip her bikini away and pull on her nipples. I dived into the nape of her neck, biting her, sucking on her skin, and she groaned mournfully, sorrowful, as I hilted myself fully in her ass.

When I reared back and thrust forward the first time, I felt her cum instantly in my arms, shuddering and whining, melting against me as my powers did what they were designed to do, reprogramming Abigail's defenseless mind to crave and respond to my cock, my cum.

I pumped into her hard, Stef kneeling in front of her and leaning in to kiss her sloppily, sandwiching her fulsome, tanned body between us as my thrusts rocked her hips and sent her huge fat ass rippling in great, jiggling waves, clapping and slapping loudly. Her moans started out barely audible, slowly becoming louder as I fucked her like an animal, taking her savagely, her voice rising with each impaling. I bit her neck and pulled on her long mane of thick, ebony hair as I continued raping her ass until finally, I could control my cock no longer.

There was a gushing, blubbering *spluuuuooorrrgtt* from deep within Abigail and she twitched in my arms as my prick expanded, stretching her ass even further, then exploded inside her, painting her bowels with finger-thick ropes of sticky, gooey, jelly-thick cum. I twisted her head to the side and kissed her, mashing my mouth against her puffy, pouting, cock-pillow lips, and she opened for me, moaning against me, and I tasted my sister's milk on her tongue.

Abigail gurgled, her eyes rolling back, her mind snapping like dry kindling as my fluids overwhelmed her. For her, it would be a warm feeling of achieving her genetic destiny, a sort of biological imperative to secure a worthwhile mate overriding all logic or reason in her brain and bonding her to me permanently. For me, it was a triumphant feeling of domination, savage and pure, as I once again crushed a woman's spirit and soul, making a mockery of sentimental notions like free will, self-worth, or love. A powerful feeling, but fleeting.

White-hot gouts of coagulated, sperm-dense semen filled her, spurting back out of her asshole and leaking down over my shaft. My balls hitched, flexing and twitching as they discharged their load into her ass. I couldn't tell where one searing jet of cum ended and the next began… it was endless, as if I was simply pissing an infinite, white-hot beam of jism into her deepest recesses. Her rectal muscles squeezed my tortured, spasming shaft, drawing more cream forth, her body performing the task she was born for as she

milked my cock for all she was worth.

I pulled out slowly, and Abigail collapsed bonelessly to the bed. I simply knelt, my cock still turgid and erect, jutting straight out in front of me, and blasted more endless ropes over her backside as her prolapsed, gaping asshole winked and belched up a river of my cream. Stef dipped down, her hands reaching out to encircle my still-hard cock, bringing her face closer, pulling on it as more arcs of cream spurted out. She tilted her face to accept the ropes of jism as they coated her features. I ran my hand through her fiery red hair as she leaned forward and began the sweetest sucking on my prick.

Both hands milked the stem of my pole while her tongue danced and swirled around my throbbing cockhead, and I grunted as I forced out the final few nearly-solid gobs of cum, sudden stabs of incredible rapture punctuating each release.

With my powers flowing through her, Stef was truly formidable — a gorgeous creature I had shaped with my own lusts and desires, perfecting into the ultimate sexual weapon. But as she blew me lovingly, I was reminded that she would serve me and only me, forever. An instrument, a tool I could use, a willing slave. With her at my side, there was nothing we could not accomplish.

Together, we were unstoppable.

Chapter 24:
Supermodel Diversion

At around the same time I would have been taking final exams and finishing my freshman year of high school, I was closing a deal to become a senior partner at IMG Models, an international talent agency representing some of the biggest names in the modeling and fashion worlds.

My newest slave, Abigail Ratchford, had made the necessary introductions and connections, and Stef had gone in for an audition. By the end of that week, she had fucked her way up to the executive level, and I became the *de facto* controlling interest in the company.

What followed was the greatest summer of my life, a non-stop marathon, weeks and weeks of non-stop carnal delights as I declared open season on supermodels and fucked my way through through the IMG talent sheet. I had a different woman — usually *women* — in my bed every night and my days were spent plotting and scheming to ensnare the next one.

It was fucking wild.

———

“Please, come in, Lucy,” I said, standing from my desk and waving my guest into my

office.

I had taken up residency in a corner office on the 45th floor of a towering skyscraper on Park Ave in Manhattan, the New York headquarters of IMG. The office was secluded and private, exactly how I wanted it.

My guest was Lucy Pinder, a British glamour model, a longtime mainstay of the "lads mags" in the UK like *Nuts* and *Loaded.* She had largely retired from topless modeling in recent years, but she remained a legendary icon of the glamour world, and her many photoshoots had been fodder for countless nightly jerk-off sessions in my early teen years.

Lucy was beautiful, with shining eyes an infectious, girlish smile. She had rich, flowing, chestnut brown hair that framed a gorgeous, slender face reminiscent of classic golden-age Hollywood starlets, glamorous and sensual. Her body was fulsome, voluptuous, and womanly, broad hips flaring out from a narrow waist. But her most famous and prominent charms were her breasts, a pair of massive, all-natural HH cups that I had scrutinized in great detail during the formative early days of puberty. Lucy was perhaps the most famous topless model in the world, but I had been forever frustrated as a young teen that she never made the transition to hardcore porn, and when I discovered the unlimited free smut at my fingertips on the internet, my one-sided love affair with Lucy withered in favor of cumshot compilations and titfuck PMVs.

Now, the world-famous beauty was stepping into my office, admittedly with a confused expression on her face as she took in my features and frame.

"Wait… what is this?" she asked in a charming lower-class English accent. "Who are you?"

"I'm Miles," I said, stepping around my desk to greet her as the office door slowly swung shut behind her. "We exchanged emails?"

"Yes, but I…" She look flustered. "I thought you would be… How old are you? You're just some teenage boy!"

"I'll be, uh, 15 in a month," I said.

"What is this, some kind of joke?" she sneered, incensed. "Are you having a laugh? Is this a gag, then? Am I on a prank show?"

"No, not at all, Miss Pinder," I said hurriedly, holding my hands up. "I represent IMG, and we're interested in talking to you about working together."

"Yes, I was very flattered that you reached out," she said, frowning. "But I didn't think I'd be brought in to meet with a bloody teenager! What are you, somebody's kid or something?"

I was trying to calm her down, but my eyes were wandering, from her brown eyes, all over her beautiful face, and then to her breasts, bulging beneath a skin-tight heather-gray sweater. They were even bigger in person than I'd expected, larger than I remembered from her pictures, somehow inflated by time and age — Lucy was now over 40, putting her solidly in MILF territory — but still buoyant, full, and firm. It looked like she was hiding two basketballs under her sweater. She wore a white miniskirt with a slit up one thigh, and white leather boots that came up to mid-calf, and I admired the shapely tan length of her legs as she stood before me, fuming.

"Miss Pinder, let me explain—" I began, but she cut me off.

"Save it. I hope this was worth the gag," she said, turning away from me. "I'm leaving."

"Fine, go," I spat, suddenly incensed. "Go disappear back into irrelevancy, Lucy."

She froze, and then stiffly turned back toward me.

"What… did you say?" she asked, face blushing scarlet.

"I said you're old news, Lucy," I sneered, changing tact and goading her purposefully. "Your best modeling days are behind you and since you won't do topless anymore, you don't have much of a future either. And that acting career hasn't exactly panned out, has it?"

"You little shit," she seethed. "How dare you?!"

"You're on the wrong side of 40 and no one remembers who you even are," I said, hurling vitriol at her. "But if you come and work for us, I can change all that, Lucy. I could put your face on some real campaigns, work with real brands, instead of just decade-old jerk-off mags."

"You… you…" Lucy looked like she was on the verge of crying. My pheromones were hard at work on her psyche, eroding her confidence and self-worth, bending her toward submission. I felt the power in the room shift, ever so slightly. She had clearly underestimated me, and my words had hurt her deeply, cutting to the core of her insecurities.

The air was thick with my musk, that heady and familiar stench, and I saw Lucy breathing shakily, inhaling deeply, every breath readying her for me. She drew slow, even breaths, standing stock-still before me.

"Look," she said, pursing her lips, a look of irritation crossing her beautiful face. She shifted her stance, her full round hips swinging gently from side to side. "I'm not… I didn't mean…"

I put a finger to my lips and she fell into silence immediately, abandoning her petty apologies. My cock throbbed at this first exertion of power, as I saw one of my longest-

held celebrity crushes begin to fall under my control. I stepped closer to her and saw her breathing in deeply, taking in the vile, sickly-sweet scent I knew was laced with pheromones that would destroy her mind. Her eyes were heavy-lidded and glassy, and she swayed slightly on her heels as I circled her.

“You’re still a beautiful woman, Lucy,” I said quietly, walking around her, admiring her body. “There’s hotter and younger out there… but I want to work with you. Do you know why?”

“No,” she murmured, breathing in short, shallow gasps. “W-why…?”

“Because I used to jerk off to you every fucking day when I was younger,” I hissed, watching her flinch at my vulgar language. “Do you have any idea how many ropes I busted staring at pictures of these fat tits?”

I reached forward to swipe a hand across her fulsome bust, casually lifting one breast, cupping it, testing its firmness through the sweater, then letting it bounce and jostle before it settled back into place. Lucy gasped and flinched away from my touch, but her feet remained locked in place.

“You… you’re just… a filthy, disgusting little pervert,” she breathed, eyes steely with a challenge. But I had seen this enough to know her challenge was all bravado and bluster — by this point, Lucy would only be resisting reflexively, playing the part in order to make her eventual capitulation all the more exciting for both of us.

“No, Lucy… I’m much more than that,” I whispered.

I traced a line with my fingertip up her naked thigh, slipping under the hem of her skirt, making her shiver as my knuckle drifted up, grazing the delicate lace of her panties. Her thighs locked together, knees quivering as she whimpered once, quietly.

“I’ll tell you what I really am,” I murmured, withdrawing my hand, sidling up very close to her now. “I’m your genetic superior, Lucy. I’m better than you. And you know it, already… you can sense it instinctually. Can’t you?”

“You’re crazy,” she whispered, watching me out of the corner of her eye as my hand slid up over the gentle curve of her stomach, enjoying the softness of her sweater. “You’re a sick… sad… pathetic little boy…”

“And you’re a stupid old washed-up whore,” I hissed, slipping my hand underneath her sweater, caressing her soft belly, then surging upwards, finding her massive, round, swelling tits, straining against a flimsy lace bra. My hand brushed over the curve of one heaving breast, fingers drifting across her cleavage. Then I roughly palmed one massive breast through her bra, fingers sinking deeply into the soft, squishy flesh, and Lucy mewled, her nipples stiffening automatically at my touch as I pawed her like a common slut.

“Don’t try to fight it,” I said, squeezing and groping Lucy’s breast, enjoying the way the flesh yielded to my touch, spilling heavily over my fingers, savoring this moment of domination over a woman I had long held on a pedestal as the ultimate fantasy. All these pedestals I had built in my mind for women like Lucy, Angela White, all the rest going back to my teachers and the popular girls in high school… All of them had been torn down. They were meaningless.

“You won’t… get away with this…” Lucy gasped, still clinging to some sense of virtue, of dignity.

“Stupid bitch,” I hissed, whispering directly into Lucy’s ear. “You’re trying to resist but your body already wants to give itself to me… On a subconscious level, you sense my virility, your base instincts recognizing my potential. Your genetic destiny, your purpose as a woman, to take seed inside of you, to secure a partner, to breed. You feel it… you crave my sperm, your body is designed for insemination… an instinct running so deep you can’t control it…”

Lucy was panting now as I withdrew my hand from her sweater, my words stirring something deep inside her. I caressed the side of her face, that gorgeous face, thumb tracing up her chin to those pouting pink lips. They parted for me and my thumb pushed past, into her hot, wet mouth, and she sucked dutifully on the invading digit.

“You *know* I’m superior, Lucy. You *feel* the potency of my seed, and your basest instincts are now geared toward procuring me as your mate. Your higher level brain functions are being engaged to serve that greater goal… The feminine urge inside you, to submit, to be taken, penetrated and filled, overriding all reason…”

She sucked hard on my thumb, eyes locked on mine as I stood before her, 20+ years younger and a head shorter but dominating her unquestioningly. She could see just how much I was control. Perfect calm as her body betrayed her… as her mind began to rebel against her wishes. As she slowly became mine. She whimpered at my power, the power I had over her.

“It’s far too late for you, even now,” I said, my voice a hushed whisper. “My pheromones will bond you to me… Your mind is weak. Your resistance means nothing. I will show you what you are… what you were always meant to be.”

I removed my thumb from her mouth and she mewled pathetically in loss. I chuckled, my hand creeping around to grip around the back of her neck, and she bent slightly at the waist to accommodate me.

“You crave domination,” I said. “It’s your rightful, natural place as a woman… Your purpose in life…”

I pulled her forward until my face was mashed against hers and I kissed her passionately. Her eyes snapped open but she did not resist… she just opened her mouth and moaned into me. My tongue lanced out, claiming her mouth, and she licked

and sucked it as it pumped between her lips. We made out sloppily, like teenagers, and she moaned into me. When I broke the kiss, her eyes were crossed and half-lidded, giving her a brainless and mind-fucked look only amplified by her gaping mouth and limp, hanging tongue. She was blushing deeply, tendrils of saliva still connecting our two mouths.

“H-how…?” she murmured. “You’re just… a kid…”

SMAKK!!

I slapped Lucy, hard, across the face, and her knees instantly gave out, her body slumping like a marionette with the strings cut, collapsing to the floor, kneeling before me.

She looked up at me, and I was pleased to see the change wash over her. Her haughty temper and superior attitude, the last feeble resistance, all of it erased by the impact of my palm against her cheek and replaced by a submissive, watery-eyed obedience. A hot pink handprint bloomed on the side of her face as her body, previously tense with defiance, trembled with subjugation.

“Nnngghh,” she moaned, cradling her cheek. Her eyes were wide, her pupils dilating. I knew the jaw-rattling force of the slap had cemented my hold over her, sending her ovaries into a frenzy of egg-production, her submission so close now, like a dog rolling over to expose its belly to the alpha. It didn’t matter that she saw a teen boy standing over her… her womb recognized the presence of her genetic superior, and her mind now craved to be bred, to be subjugated, to be inseminated.

“Your pussy is wet, isn’t it?” I asked smugly, slowly unbuttoning my pants.

Lucy nodded silently, eyes on my crotch as my cock tented my trousers outward toward her waiting face. The fly came down and my pants sagged round my waist, revealing a pair of black cotton briefs underneath, with something bulging inside. Something huge. Lucy swallowed hard, and after a moment managed to tear her gaze up to meet my own.

“That’s because you want me,” I said, stretching the elastic waistband of my underwear over the trunkline root of the massive sexual organ within. “Your body desires reproduction, it’s preparing you for me…”

I was engorged, growing, blood pulsing into my hardening member triumphantly. Lucy stared at it in honest shock as I revealed inch after inch of turgid, veiny cockmeat. The briefs came down further, exposing my twin pair of heavy, hanging testicles, each bigger than a grapefruit. They twitched and churned, sperm-loads noisily burbling within them.

“Hormones are flooding your body, readying you for the act of intercourse. You know I will be inside of you soon, deep inside your cunt. Your base instincts will take over… you will do anything and everything in your power to make me climax… to make me

thrust into you faster and deeper, to draw the cream out of me, to make me shoot as deep and as long as I can, increasing your chances of conceiving my child…"

Lucy moaned as my underwear slipped down, my cock hardening and rising, bouncing out from beneath the elastic waistband and bobbing in the air before her, the bulbous, helmet-shaped glans, choked by foreskin, staring straight at her.

"Your body will respond so magnificently as you give yourself to me, Lucy," I crowed. "By the time my sperm spurts into your womb, you will have climaxed hard… almost certainly harder than you ever have before…"

My cock jerked, inflating at a greater rate, growing longer and thicker, each pulse of blood into the tissue bouncing it higher at a greater angle away from my body. The knob of the dickhead caught Lucy under the chin and tilted her head back as it rose, so she was once again looking me in the face. There was a fiery look in her eyes, a sexual hunger I knew now motivated her, eroding her free will, bonding her to my lusts.

"What do you… want from me?" she asked drowsily.

"I think you know," I said, smiling. "It's the same thing I've wanted since the first time I ever saw a photo of you, Lucy."

She nodded, a look of resignation on her face, and then she reached down to grasp the hem of her sweater and pulled it up, over her flat stomach, arching her back, drawing it up over her chest, exposing her full, perfect breasts contained within a pastel pink brassiere with lacy black floral designs etched into the lace. Her tits were full, proud, enormous, absolutely bursting out of the bra cups, tan flesh overflowing the lacy garment, crushed together high on her chest creating a deep crevice of cleavage that my eyes lingered on greedily.

Lucy reached behind her back and unfastened the clasps at the rear of her bra, and I saw the garment loosen, sagging a little bit as the weight of her vast tits pushed it down. She slipped the bra straps off her shoulders one by one, slowly, tantalizingly, teasing me. The bra straps snapped like rubber bands as they were relieved of the burden of containing and supporting her massive, mountainous breasts, shuffling down her arms as the bra cups fell forwards, and then all at once they were free — two perfect, full, teardrop-shaped melons. Round and plump, each capped with a ruddy, upturned nipple. They were healthy and tan, but just a shade paler than the rest of her complexion.

As I took in the sight of her prodigious breasts, naked and on display for only me, my cock belched up a clumpy, gloopy wad of pre-cum directly onto her chest. Instinctively, without needing to be asked, Lucy grasped her two massive tits from each side and brought them up to embrace my throbbing pole, rising on her knees. She smashed her tits against each other, smearing around the cum-wad I'd deposited in her cleavage, playing with it, then her breasts simply engulfed my cock. She looked up at me expectantly as she began a determined downward thrusting, my cock sinking into her cleavage.

With her breasts pancaked around my prick, Lucy rocked back and forth on her hips, crushing it, clutching her globes, gripping them, sinking her fingers into the pillowy softness and sliding them up and down my cum-slick member, milking me. I steadied myself against her, resting my hands on her shoulders, and began thrusting into her valley, her fat tits slapping against my hips with a repeating *plapp… plapp… plapp* in the stillness of my empty office.

She pushed down, squeezing hard, and the fat mass of her tits squashed against my thighs and piled up over her hands as the friction pulled my foreskin back, revealing the full, beet-red glans. She looked dizzy as she sniffed around the apple-sized cockhead, sniffling on my musk like an animal.

“Holy fuck,” she gasped. “Your cock stinks like shit… It smells like fucking… garbage!”

“You want it,” I growled, spearing between her tits with mighty thrusts, my cockhead bobbing in front of her face, driving up out of of her cleavage with wet, lewd slurping noises.

“Yuhhh,” she breathed, looking up at me hungrily.

When the tip of my dick next emerged from the canyon of cleavage, she dipped and pressed her tongue against the cockhead, moaning like a bitch in heat as she tasted my sticky, syrup-thick pre-cum for the first time. Her eyelids fluttered and her tongue kept dancing, lapping up oozing dollops of cream from under the bulbous head, her tongue sliding along my piss-slit, searching for more issue.

Lucy hugged her tits hard and squeezed, using the pressure to draw my foreskin back completely, and she began slathering the exposed ridge of my cock-head with her tongue, wagging it back and forth as she held my prick in a tight embrace with her bulging, heavy tits. Her nipples, erect and hard, grazed against my thighs, tickling me as she titty-fucked me passionately.

She hunched down, latching her lips onto my prick, opening her mouth wide to take my dickhead fully inside. Her jaw clicked painfully as she tried to accommodate my girth, showing her devotion to making me cum. I rewarded her efforts by gushing a near-constant stream of salty-sweet pre-cum, and she gargled it before swallowing dutifully.

Her jaw opened wider, impossibly wide, as I pushed more of my cock past her lips… the flanged collar of my cockhead catching at her teeth and squeezing past. I gripped her head with both hands and bucked my hips, and my cock slammed into her throat with a wet *GLUCK*, tears streaming down Lucy’s face as her gag reflex was violated. Her throat opened by force as those tears left streaks of mascara over her red-hot cheeks. Then I began to truly fuck her mouth and Lucy could do nothing but hold on tight, still crushing her whore tits around my shaft as I raped her face.

“Gluuuuark!” she croaked as my glans battered her tonsils. “Hrrrrrk!”

Again and again I slammed my dick into her throat, forcing it deeper with every three or four strokes, Lucy finding new depths of depravity but never trying to pull away. The thickness of my brutal, veiny dick dominated her, and the outline of my prick helmet was visible in her slender neck as I humped her skull, holding onto her with two handfuls of gorgeous chestnut hair.

The cock sank into her throat then pulled back hard, Lucy gasping around it in an attempt to avoid suffocating. It dragged up thick gouts of throat slime with it, dripping down her chin onto her tits in a viscous river of spit and cum that ran down into her cleavage and lubricated my thrusting, humping cock even more. I choked her ruthlessly with my cock, pounding away at her throat.

“Huuuarrghh!!” Lucy gurgled. “Hllllghh! Hnnnnghh!!”

She was heaving all over my dick as I degradingly pounded her skull. I was cutting off her air with his rampaging prick, and all the while I felt my pre-cum leaking constantly down her throat into her stomach.

Lucy’s eyes rolled back into her head and I bent over and hugged her to me, shoving my cock down as far as it would go, then I gasped in release as it swelled and exploded deep within her gullet.

The sound was audible, a sickening *gllluuurchhh* as the first blast escaped me. Her throat stretched out like a bullfrog’s as an ungodly amount of hot, chowdery spunk pumped directly into her. She swallowed valiantly, feeling chunky, near-solid gobs of my cum splashing into her stomach, but she had no sooner gulped it down than another white-hot pulse of jism filled her.

“Bbblblblblp!” she wailed. “Ggggkk!!”

“Shut up now, bitch,” I hissed as I pumped the brain-fucked glamour model full of my life-changing cream. “Shut up… and just take it.”

Her hands came up to grab at my hips, holding on for dear life as I pumped into her, but I would not let her move backwards. I held her close to me, shuddering as I came again and again and again, each dull *splluuurrrtt* accompanied by the frantic sounds of her pathetic gulping and gagging. Her deep brown eyes looked up into mine, fearful, pleading, and I simply stared back at her, watching as her eyes seemed to lose focus with each burst of cum I deposited in her guts. Again… and again… and again.

“Gllrp glp glblbl gkk,” Lucy gulped and guzzled and chugged my mind-breaking cum willingly, lovingly, submissively. Each blast jetted into her belly forcefully, taking another measure of her free will away.

She choked as cum audibly gurgled up from deep in her throat and spilled from the corners of her mouth. She coughed and twin streams of white cum burst from her

nostrils, running down over her face. Only then did I relent, pulling back, gradually extricating myself from her gullet. Even as I pulled out, my prick was still spasming and cumming hard, blasting gouts of cream over Lucy's tongue.

She simply leaned back and let it fill her yawning mouth, releasing her tits at last and letting her arms dangle at her sides. Her breasts hung heavy on her chest, connected by chunky strands of spittle, throat slime, and cum. She was nothing but a limp rag doll hanging off the end of my prick, passively letting me drown her in my mind-warping nut.

My fist-sized cocktip spasmed wildly in her mouth and deposited a jelly-like cum worm that coiled in the back of her throat, before another piled over that, followed by another, and another, and another… Until her mouth was full and brimming and her cheeks puffed out like a chipmunk.

I pulled out and began cumming on her face then. I groaned, my hips thrust forward, and a thick squirt fountained onto the right side of her face, leaving a fat, heavy rope running from her forehead down, over her eye, to just below her nose. I jerked my cock madly over her obedient, utterly compliant face, even as she held an egregious mouthful of my chunky cream in her cheeks. Fat ropes of sperm, pure white in color, began to loop out all over Lucy's features, sticking exactly where they landed, too thick even to drip down her face.

She opened her mouth, letting the bounty of cum held within spill out over her chin, descending onto her naked tits in a lumpy, gooey avalanche. Even still, I was cumming my final spurts directly back into her mouth, filling her up again, and she gargled pathetically, trying and failing to swallow. She made a nauseous retching noise and vomited a geyser of cum up all over herself, coating her own tits completely, without exception. Wads of my spunk cascaded onto her thighs, rivers of it traveled leisurely down her bulging stomach to stain her skirt…

All Lucy could do was kneel there uselessly, trying to collect more cum back up off of her face and tits so she could eat it again in a vain attempt to sate the eternal hunger I had imbued in her. She would never now be without that urge, to drink my cum, to swallow my cream, even when she was already filled to bursting. That insatiable lust, and her unquestioning loyalty to me, would make it easy to force her into the life of prostitution and sexual bondage that lay ahead of her.

Lucy Pinder would sign with IMG models later that day, but it wasn't exactly the deal she had been expecting when she entered my office. The entire company was now little more than a pipeline for me to draw in new, beautiful, glamorous women whom I could subvert and make into my whores. I was operating on an elite level now, and doors were opening that would propel me to the very top of the entertainment world.

Chapter 25:
The Frost Question

A week later, I was checking emails on my laptop while former Victoria's Secret angel Adriana Lima begged for my cum.

"Please, Master, please," she whined, crouching on my bed among tangled sheets and the sprawled bodies of a dozen supermodels. "I need your cum so bad… I'm so fucking thirsty… Give it to me, *papi,* please…"

I ignored her, scanning my recent work emails. Another purchase offer had come through from Frost Enterprises the month before, and the board was scrambling to get our books in order in order to prove solvency and drive up our stock price, preventing a hostile buy-out. I had noticed, however, that our stock was slowly but surely being bought up at an increasing rate by a cadre of trusts and shell corporations. So, Frost was going through the backdoor, accumulating a controlling interest by other means. At this rate, they would be a majority stakeholder in my father's business by the end of next year.

I pulled up a dossier I'd asked our research department to compile — opposition research on Frost Enterprises and their president, Emma Frost. I skimmed through her bio, lingering on the photos that had been attached to the document. Emma Frost was remarkably gorgeous, physically on par with the supermodels I'd been enjoying as of late. Tall, beautiful, a long wave of blonde hair, icy-blue eyes. She usually dressed in white — sometimes business suits with skintight pants, sometimes more risqué corsets and bustiers with short white skirts, flaunting her voluptuous body.

"Please, daddy," Adriana begged, pouting her lips as I read through the files. "I'll do anything… You know I will… I'm your fucking slave, your slut, your whore… Please, I just need your cum so baaaad…."

But there was something else about Emma I found fascinating — a confidence, a self-assuredness. A superiority I'd never witnessed in another woman. She was arrogant, to be sure… rich, entitled…. but there was something beyond that. As I read on, it started to make sense.

Emma Frost was a *mutant*. Over the years, she'd had ties to a number of mutant-led organizations. First the elite Hellfire Club in New York City, and then more recently the Charles Xavier School for Gifted Youngsters, an upstate academy in Westchester that took in young mutant children and trained them to use their powers. The dossier went in detail about the Xavier School, which operated as a front for the clandestine paramilitary mutant taskforce known as the X-Men.

A mutant… a mutant like *me*. The latter portion of the dossier detailed Emma's connections to the X-Men and her own considerable mutant gifts — apparently she was a telepath, a mind-reader, and a powerful one. So that explained her air of superiority. She, like me, was born with a gift that set her apart, made her greater than an average human. She had power, real power. I stared long and hard at her photo, remembering my fraught encounter with the mutant Stacy X, and the sense of triumph when I'd

bested the bitch at her own game.

Something stirred in me as I gazed at the screen, studying Emma's icy blue eyes, her gorgeous face, the buffet of titflesh and deep cleavage oozing out of the top of her corset. Mutants. This was the secret world to which I belonged. This was my destiny.

I cast my mind back, recalling one of my earliest vivid wet dreams, from the night before I'd cum all over Stefanie's bra and bedspread, beginning the chain of events that led to her enslavement, and all the dozens… *hundreds* of women who had fallen to me like dominos in the months since.

I remembered only bits of the dream, flashes… But there could be no mistaking it now. A beautiful blonde with chilling blue eyes, dressed in all white. Yes…. The image was clearer now… I could see myself… Fucking her tits… But she was… resisting… Screaming, begging for me to stop… It was rape… But it felt good… Her big, fat titties crushed around my diamond-hard prick…

It was Emma Frost. There could be no doubt. My cock stiffened in my undershorts and I released it hurriedly, my nuts burbling and churning before clenching up around the base of my shaft, and I geysered into the air with an involuntary burst of chunky, hot pre-cum.

Adriana cooed in appreciation from across the room, watching as I erupted again and again, blowing precious fluids all over the floor, my legs, my belly and chest.

When it was finished, my cock remained hard, stiff and straight, jutting up out of my lap like an iron girder, drooling cream. I motioned for Adriana and she slid off the bed, crawling hurriedly across the room.

"Clean me up," I said, gesturing at the sloppy trails of cock-cream I'd busted onto my chest and stomach. Adriana nodded excitedly and leaned in, slurping and licking up the still-warm ropes of rich pre-cum diligently, carefully, savoring the flavor, moaning as she did so. I enjoyed the feeling of her lips and tongue on my body and my cock trembled, eager to pierce her cunt and give the bitch what she'd been begging for.

As my supermodel slave gave my body a tongue bath, I clicked a link in the Frost file that led me to a detailed dossier about the Xavier School and the X-Men. I scrolled through their ranks, thinking about Emma, realizing I now lusted after her. Not just for her body, but for the challenge.

Emma was not the only beautiful mutant on the X-Men. As I looked through the team's personnel files, I realized there was so much potential, so many that could be taken, warped, twisted, and subverted into my service. I studied the images of the telepathic assassin known as Psylocke. Rogue, a southern belle with a streak of white running through her flowing auburn mane. Storm, a Nubian weather witch with a wasp-thin waist and a dumptruck-thick ass.

And Jean Grey. Phoenix. I stared longest at her. Something about her, that incredible body, that flowing red hair. She looked like a goddess. But more than that… she looked like Stefanie. Every bit as beautiful, but… more mature, more vivacious, more alluring. And so virtuous, so pure. Something about her screamed out to me, like a siren's song.

I heard a frantic gurgling and looked down. At some point, without realizing it, I had guided Ariana's head onto my jutting cock and started fucking her throat, and her face was now a drooling, leaking mess of cum and spit-slime. Her eyes were wide and panicked, and her face looked like a cum-bomb had gone off inside her head, oozing out freely from her nostrils, her mouth. I jerked her backwards, wrenching her off my diamond-hard prick, and she quickly collapsed to the floor, vomiting a torrent of pure-white cum all over herself.

But I was beyond caring at that point, suddenly overcome by an all-consuming lust as my cock throbbed angrily, spurting and sputtering jets of spunk at near-orgasm levels, though I could sense I had yet to truly cum! Something about reading those files, something about Jean Grey, Emma Frost and the others… it had awakened something dark and savage inside me. The veins in my cock pulsed and twitched, cable-thick and tight, and my cock felt bigger somehow, extending two or three inches longer than usual, and harder than ever. I jacked it frantically and it spurted spastic, arcing loops of cream, but it was no use.

I stood from my desk chair, stepping over Adriana's prone body and staggering over toward the bed, where a dozen other dozing supermodels lay, mind-fucked and exhausted from the night's activities.

I reached down and gripped one by the arm, turning her over — it was Kate Upton, the legendary *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model. She was still coated in dried cum, lying in the spot where she'd passed out, her face and naked tits glazed with a thick splattering of jism, her huge breasts covered in bite marks and bruises, her stomach swollen — indicating the massive cum-loads I had pumped into her just a few hours prior.

Kate mumbled something unintelligible, her eyes glassy and unfocused. I planted my hand on her face, pressing her down into the bed, and kicked her legs wide, then jerked my dick over her exposed cunt, shooting hot, fresh ropes all over her pussy lips. Then I sank forward, plunging deep into her, making her scream. Her hips twisted and shimmied, trying to evade the invading 16 inches of throbbing hard cockmeat, but I held her down and forced it all in up to the hilt as she sobbed and blubbered into the palm of my hand.

Then I simply began fucking her like a maniac possessed, instantly filling her with piping-hot cum as my cock continued spurting at climax levels, rendering her cunt a soupy, gushing, sloppy mess within seconds. Her tits sloshed and bounced on her chest as I rocked her with angry, powerful thrusts, hammering into the bed, the *plapp plapp plapp* sound of my hips against her ass starting to rouse some of the other girls lying around.

“M-master p-pleeez,” Kate managed to gasp, before an orgasm ripped through her core and rendered her a screaming, blubbering invalid. I squeezed her fat tits hard, making her squeal, and I fucked her savagely, chasing my own orgasm as I carved in and out of her cum-sodden cunt, but release was frustratingly close yet so far as I edged on the verge of constant climax, unable to cross the line.

Within minutes, Kate had gone limp, fucked into oblivion. I smacked her in the face hard, again and again, rousing her, but she couldn’t maintain consciousness for more than a few seconds at a time as I overloaded her sloppy cunt with cream. I withdrew, cock slathered with goopy wads of spunk, fisting my shaft furiously, looking around for my next target.

My eyes fell upon the beautiful, doe-eyed face of a model named Emily Ratajkowski, who lay tangled in the sheets nearby, her own face marked with lines of cum from earlier in the evening. She registered my intent and reacted with fear as she saw my cock furiously drooling, enlarged to inhuman size and rigidity. She started to scramble backward in the covers but I darted forward and caught her by the hair. She squealed and screamed as I positioned her under me, cock dribbling constantly, throbbing and rumbling like a ticking time bomb.

I splayed Emily out on her back and straddled her chest, burying my weeping cock in her cleavage, drenching her tits and face immediately as my prick erupted with fat, gooey ropes of cum, an endless flood of cream burying Emily under coiling, looping ropes as she struggled to get free. I slapped her just as I had Kate, but for my own amusement this time, an outlet for my lust-driven rage, and her head snapped back and forth, cum and spittle flying every direction as I smacked her mercilessly while titty-fucking her. I roughly squeezed her fat tits, rubbing in the cum, and her back arched and she came as I pinched her nipples.

Within minutes, I was smiling with glee as Emily screamed in pain at the white-hot feelings spearing through her breasts, my super-sensitizing jism ripping her nerves apart. My cock spurted into her open mouth, ropes of cum coiling in the back of her throat, silencing her, and she gargled helplessly until she started choking and gagging on the endless torrent of curdled, jelly-thick cream, her cheeks full, her nose running, her eyes empty. I slapped her one final time and extricated my still-stiff cock from her swampy, cum-flooded cleavage, leaving her laying covered in a steaming puddle of sickly white muck.

The remaining models looked on me with terrified awe and reverence as I moved on, tackling a recent conquest, Kim Kardashian, before she could escape from the tangled sheets, bending her over the side of the bed and pinning her. She screamed as her cum-drenched tits squashed flat into the bedcovers and her big, fat, bronzed ass sloped up from the small of her back.

I moved in, my hands reaching out to caress and squeeze each massive asscheek, cradling the twin hemispheres of bouncy, fatty flesh, making them jiggle and clap

together.

I pinned her down, groping her thick ass, making her cheeks bounce. I spanked her, again and again, watching pink handprints bloom on her tanned behind as she cried and wailed. Then I was spreading her legs, making my intentions clear, my cock already spurting dollops of cream onto her naked ass.

I held her down on the bed, my hands gripping her wrists, her titties crushed beneath her. I was nudging my massive cock against her entrance, and I felt hot, gooey cum pulse over her labia before I started to spread her lips wide with my cockhead. She screamed at the horrendous intrusion, and I held her down, keeping her face pressed hard into the mattress as she cried and wailed like an infant.

With an animalistic grunt, I pushed downward with all my might, and her cunt lips hugged my fat dick as the tip disappeared inside, followed by several inches of veiny cockmeat.

There was a wet, thick sound as my monster shaft burrowed into Kim's gushing pussy, stretching her wide, forming an airtight seal as I plowed downwards. She whined, a pathetic, high sound, spasming as she was impaled, more than a foot of dense, diamond-hard cockmeat spearing her body.

Kim's eyes rolled back and she moaned incomprehensibly, drooling freely.

I shoved her face down hard into the bed, adjusting my position so I was simply lying on top of her and fucking her with short, brutal thrusts of my hips, digging deep, making her ass clap with each bounce. Her massive, fat, beach-ball-sized ass loomed in front of me, compressing and then exploding into an endless jiggling dance with every thrust.

"Nuuuuannnnghhh!" she groaned, thrashing under me, but I held her in place and kept fucking her, her screams reaching a higher and higher pitch as I railed her out. Her cunt farting and squelching lewdly as I pasted her insides with heavy cream.

My hips bounced, cock plunging in and out of her gushing, soupy cunt with reckless abandon as I yanked her backwards over and over again. Her jiggling, pillow-soft ass supported me as I moaned into her back, practically surfing on her body. Her cheeks clapped beneath me incessantly, *plapp plapp plapp plapp plapp!!* as they wobbled and smacked against each other, rippling like waves on the ocean.

Kim twitched and collapsed bonelessly as her mind shorted out from the overload of pleasure, and I kept fucking her unconscious body angrily until it became clear I wouldn't bust my final nut in her either. I spanked her hard, extricating my cum-slathered, super-sized cock from deep within her lifeless body and pushing her aside.

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It went on like that for hours, through the night and well into the next day. Throughout it all, my spurting cum was splashing over my slaves in a near-constant stream of white,

the veins of my cock cable-thick and pulsing. I fucked one after the other… burying my cock between their tits, my mess shooting upwards over their cheeks, their open mouths, into their nostrils. Pulling their legs apart savagely, burying myself in their cunts with sudden, piercing thrusts, drawing screams of pain-lust from the girls. Fucking their throats until they passed out from lack of oxygen, going limp in my arms.

I dug deeper, anxious to claim the climax that was rightfully mine, and an endless parade of models took my abuse. Gigi Hadid, Candice Swanepoel, Kendall Jenner, Ashley Graham, Kaia Gerber, Alessandra Ambrosio... I drowned them all in an ungodly tide of cream, coating them inside and out, but true release eluded me…

Until finally Stefanie came to my room and sank into my bed, the two of us falling into each other's arms.

She mewled as my hands came up to grope her tits, cupping each massive mammary, kneading and pulling the pliant titflesh, shredding her lacy pink bra and tearing it from her body.

I pawed at her, pinching her nipples, making her squeal... Face drowned in her cleavage as I nipped and licked, bit and kissed the soft flesh piling onto my head.

My lips found one nipple and began to suck, drawing fresh milk from my sister's sloshing, buoyant breast. She stroked my hair lovingly, my clawing hands sinking deeper and deeper into her yielding, soft tittyflesh. I sucked mightily, inhaling as much of her breast at once as I could, chewing and smacking my lips around it lewdly, hungrily. My cock jutted up between her legs and she gasped as she felt its diamond-hard length brush against her inner thigh.

"Oh, godddd," she groaned. "Unnnnh yeahhh baby..."

Stefanie writhed against me as I mauled her perfect tits, her pussy gushing and hot, ready for me. I pulled back, strands of saliva dangling from my lips down to her well-used tits, my face split in a toothy grin. My cock rose, looming between us, dribbling fresh cream, and Stefanie reached down, using two fingers to spread her pussy lips. Wetness leaked freely over her thighs.

Stefanie let out a quivering breath, bracing herself against the headboard, as I lined up my cock with her pussy. I held one of her legs in the crook under her knee while the other hand guided my shaft, my soda-can-thick cockhead pressed against the wet folds of her cunt and then, with a grunt and a meaty, sucking sound, I began to force myself inside her, inch by inch.

"Aaaahhhn!! Auuuwwhhh!!" Stefanie wailed high and long as my thick, rock-hard monster cock slid into her. Her hands grasped the bedsheets frantically as I wasted no time, pushing and pushing until the end of my cock had squashed up against her cervix, tunneling into her womb, until I finally hilted myself, mashing my pelvis against her own. After that, I began a building rhythm, pulling and pumping, pulling and pumping.

My hands gripped her full breasts, sinking deep into the flesh as I steadied myself over her, putting my entire weight down on her. I balanced there, leveraging myself on her meaty, juicy tits as my hips worked faster and faster, developing into a rapid, almost hyperactive blur of fuck-thrusts. Stef mewled and her tits sputtered hot milk over my fingers like twin fountains.

Stefanie moaned long and low, her legs coming up to wrap around my body, tightening convulsively as she came hard almost immediately, within the first minute of fucking. I fucked down hard into her like a jackhammer in a powerful display of dominance, using her for my pleasure.

I caressed her face, then grasped her head by the hair to hold her steady, and she looked up at me and said: “Go on. Fuck the shit out of me.”

Her back slammed into the mattress again and again as she let me fuck her as hard as I wanted, her tits jostling wildly on her chest, slapping her in the face with a meaty *plap!!*

My dick squelched loudly in her wet pussy as it railed her out with lewd, wet farting sounds, absolutely destroying her cunt, spreading her pussy lips wide, forming an airtight seal as I devastated her again and again, rocking her body with energetic thrusts.

I pushed her head down hard into the mattress, twisting her neck painfully to the side as I redoubled my efforts, mounting her maniacally. Her thighs enfolded me, her pelvis lifting off the bed as I fucked directly down into her sloppy, sodden cunt. Stefanie grunted and moaned unintelligibly through it all, my hand planted directly on her cheek in an assertive show of dominance.

She drooled and groaned as I pounded into her, my hips going wild, smacking against her again and again. Her eyes rolled up as she gasped, feeling her pussy stretch beyond belief as I filled her completely. Her guts churned and burbled and she stammered and mumbled pathetically, unable to form words.

I slipped my hands under her legs and pushed her knees up to her shoulders, squashing her tits and power-fucking her. Her pussy squelched and farted around my dick like a sex-sleeve, blistering hot pre-cum splattering her insides, squirting out with the pressurized force of a sand blaster into her depths.

I growled, squatting and thrusting straight down into her, digging inside her and carving her out, beating her into the bed with a repeating *whump-whump-whump-whump!* My heavy, cum-laden balls — now swelling visibly, even more — bashed against her ass, leaving her cheeks red and raw.

Stefanie squawked incoherently, her mouth twisted into a sloppy smile, drool running down her chin. Her face took on a stupid, infantile look, her eyes crossing, tongue lolling out of a gaping mouth. She squirted, hips twitching and tensing as she doused me with her juices. Still I fucked her, the lips of her abused cunt clinging desperately to my shaft,

stretching away from her body with each outstroke, refusing to let me go.

I kept her there and dicked her down in a sustained, brutal display of power and endurance. She sank deeper and deeper into the mattress and bedsheets until it felt like I would fuck her through the bedframe itself, into the floor below. I didn't talk, didn't taunt her... I just fucked her, so hard and so long it felt like I might kill her. Her eyes were empty and unfocused, her arms flopping bonelessly at her sides, my hands holding her down tightly as I pierced into her again and again, battering her womb.

When I hilted myself one last time, I felt Stefanie's spine creak from the force of my final thrust. I collapsed on top of her, gasping as I crossed the line. I pinned myself to her and shot my cum into her spasming, sucking pussy, my cock spewed finger-thick ropes of sperm, coiling up like toothpaste blasted straight out of the tube, into her fertile womb.

The sound was audible, a muffled but undeniable *spluuurrrrggggttt*, like a garden hose erupting inside her guts. My balls twitched and bounced, eagerly emptying themselves of a day's worth of built-up, chowder-thick semen. The cock-bulge in Stefanie's midsection became larger as I filled her up like a water balloon, making her look slightly pregnant even as I lay on top of her, buried as deep as possible.

My cock throbbed, filling the bedroom with the sound of gurgling and churning as it expelled its load of lumpy, chunky, backed-up spunk into my sister's pussy. A massive amount of jism was being pumped into her, and it was only a matter of time before it geysered out of the tight seal her pussy made around my cock, splattering the bedsheets with excess cream. Stefanie's head lolled to the side, her eyes glassy, as cum squelched out of her cunt in powerful spurts, again and again, rhythmically, like a heartbeat. The volume of fluids gushing out of her was immense, hundreds of times what an average human male could produce, even as her midsection swelled grossly with the majority of my load, her snatch plugged up by my tree-trunk-thick cock.

We lay together, sighing and gasping in the throes of orgasm, as I continued to cum into her for more than 15 minutes. My cock hitched and blasted beam after beam of coagulated, jelly-thick nut gravy into her long after she was full beyond measure... It overflowed from her farting, cum-sodden cunt and pooled beneath us on the bed, until even that was too much and it drooled and dribbled over the sides of the mattress and collected on the floor in stinking, chowder-thick puddles. All the while, the sound of my pisshole opening and discharging load after load echoed between us like a refrain — *splllsshhhhhh, ggshhhhhhh, skwrrrrrrrtttt, skwwwwshhhhhhh.*

Stef and I kissed deeply, passionately, sloppily, caressing each other's bodies, my chest mashed against her voluminous tits, her rock-hard nipples rubbing against me, tracing lines of thick, creamy milk over my torso. My balls were still hitching, dispatching more and more clotted, near-solid cum ropes through the root of my rock and into her swollen belly.

We fell asleep together, cradled in each other's arms, my cock still planted in Stefanie like a flagpole. A deluge of jelly-thick sperm still oozed and burbled forth around the airtight seal my prick made in her cunt, as we drifted off into a near-comatose state of

bliss and exhaustion.

My final thoughts before I blacked out were of Jean Grey, that beautiful fiery-haired mutant superheroine. The Phoenix. Somewhere out there in my future, I knew she awaited me. My destiny. Mine.

To Be Continued…